

TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 17, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CAMPAIGNER
KEFAUVER

\$6.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXVIII NO. 12

Take a look at yourself on the weekend!

Whether it's a barbecue, a country-club shindig, or just plain week-ending, the man who's dressed *right* feels as chipper as he looks. Tailored sportswear has become more important than ever to the businessman in town or country... office or patio, penthouse or picnic, Club or stadium. Hart Schaffner & Marx rises to the occasion with sports clothes that give you outer-smartness, inner-confidence, and over-all comfort. Prove it to your delight, soon.



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New York Life's Family Income Feature may be included in most of its new policies for little extra—can pay your family a monthly income during their most critical years—then pay the policy's face amount besides!

It's a problem nearly every young father faces: his responsibilities are usually biggest just when his youngsters—and budget—are littlest.

Designed especially to tide your family over their 20 most important years, New York Life's Family Income Benefit can multiply your life insurance protection—at only small additional cost. With it, you can assure a substantial monthly income for your wife and for your children during their "growing-up" years, if you're not there to support them.

If you die during the 20-year Family Income period, your family would be paid a guaranteed amount each month during the balance of the period. If you live to the end of the period, you stop paying the small extra Family Income premium at the end of the twentieth year—and still retain your basic life insurance protection.

This Family Income feature can be included in almost any New York Life policy when issued—from ages 18 through 55. It can offer your dependents an income of either \$10 or \$20 monthly—whichever you choose—for every \$1,000 of the basic policy's face amount. Cost is surprisingly low. For example: the additional annual charge for \$20 monthly income per \$1,000 of the basic policy would be only \$8.74 issued at age 25; \$11.18 issued at 30; \$14.92 issued at 35.

Get more information from your New York Life agent! You'll find the reward of *knowing* your family is well protected during these "young years"—well worth the few extra pennies a day.

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New York 10, New York

(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please send me, at no obligation, your booklet giving details of the Family Income Plan.

Name _____ Age _____

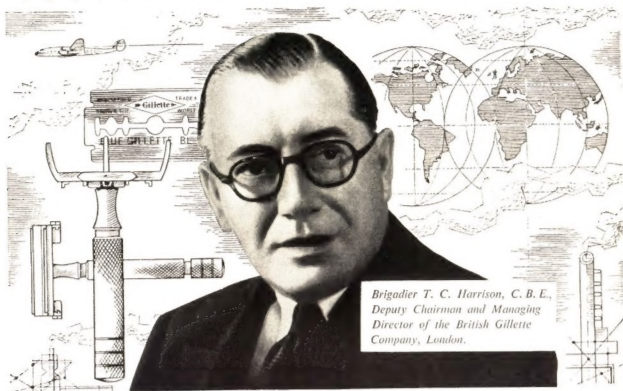
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PEOPLE OF SOUND JUDGMENT



*Brigadier T. C. Harrison, C.B.E.,
Deputy Chairman and Managing
Director of the British Gillette
Company, London.*

...£ million decisions...

A big man, Harrison of Gillette. There's more than six feet of him, and his name stands high in British Industry today.

After World War I, Major Harrison wanted to be a farmer, and became a furniture designer. He wanted to be a stay-at-home, feet-in-the-earth English squire, yet he decided to become a Gillette traveler, covering thousands of miles a month, round and round the world. He acquired a zest for selling, a knowledge of the way people buy in half the countries of East and West, a love of America and Americans, and a charming American wife. Gillette came to rely on T.C.H.'s judgment, and he was being groomed for stardom, when World War II came. Major Harrison

went in, and after six noisy years of Ack Ack, defending London, Brigadier Harrison, CBE, came out and went on to the Board of Gillette Industries. He is now Managing Director: the very sharp cutting edge of the biggest razor industry in the world.

He would still like to be an English squire, shooting and fishing, and breeding poodles. He has a house in the Thames Valley. He smokes cigars. He is fussy about his food. He plays baddish golf. He worries. But he can make a sound million pound decision in a split second.

T.C.H. travels a great deal still. He goes by air for preference.

And he likes KLM ...

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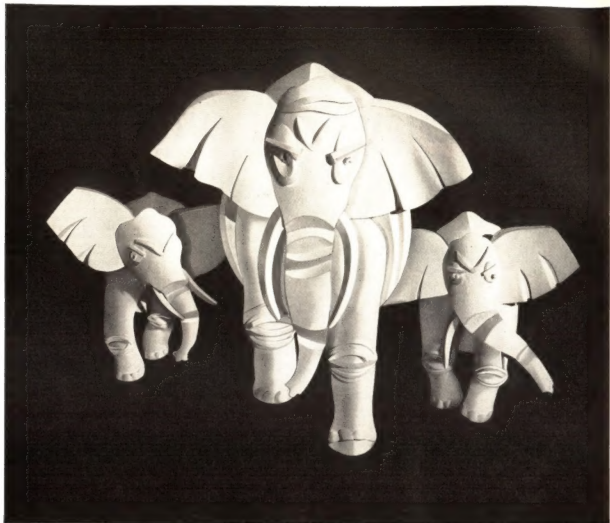
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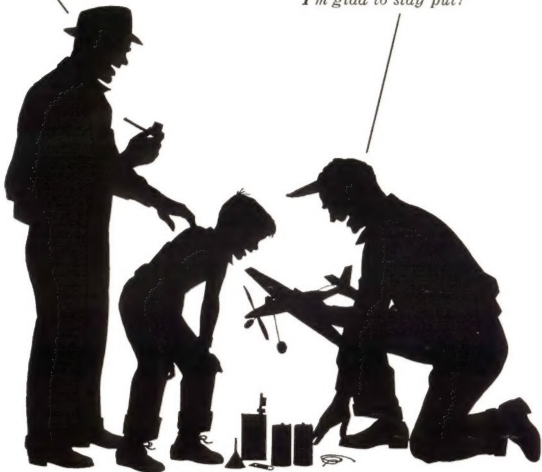
You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO ... NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

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LETTERS

The Candidates

Sir:

What is an independent voter supposed to do? I like Ike, but hate Nixon! I am for Stevenson, but can't stand the Democrats! I think I'll go fishing in November.

RODNEY SCHNEIDER

Cincinnati

Sir:

After watching the staid, well-rehearsed, self-satisfied delegates of the Republican Convention, I can hardly wait to cast my very first vote with that motley crew of rowdy Democrats.

GRETCHEN WAGNER

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

The Republicans had to nominate Nixon—to have a ready excuse if they lose. They now have a General and a General Nuisance. The Democrats have a thinker and a stinker. I'll vote for Pogo!

SYLVIA H. DORYLAND

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Sir:

I have always liked the gag that was circulated during Truman's Administration, to wit: George Washington couldn't tell a lie, Franklin Roosevelt couldn't tell the truth and Truman couldn't tell the difference. And now, the Democrats have decided to Ad-a-lai! Apparently the sly manipulations of Roosevelt, the scandals of the Truman Administration and the horse-meat outrages in Illinois when Stevenson was governor are considered by the Democrats to be of little or no consequence.

ROY L. WOOD

Wichita, Kans.

Making Time with Adlai

Sir:

Even though TIME wouldn't be very happy to see Adlai Stevenson in the White House, let alone think he has a ghost of a chance in November, you are to be commended for your fine article, "The Other Adlai." It's high time you demonstrated a

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TIME
September 17, 1956

Volume LXVIII
Number 12

TIME, SEPTEMBER 17, 1956

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THE DELIGHTFUL *Sunlane* to Europe is your express gateway to the heart of Spain! Every voyage of the *Independence* and *Constitution* is now met at Algeciras by the specially-scheduled train, "The Castilian," for immediate departure for Madrid. Same superb service for your return.

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kindlier attitude towards Adlai became, incredible as it may seem, there are quite a few of us that really love that "egghead."

EVELYN K. DZENGLESKI

Quincy, Mass.

Kinsey's Behavior

Sir:

Dr. Alfred Kinsey [Sept. 3] was a great and wonderful man. I shall never forget the wisdom, patience and deep understanding with which he talked to me once when I was deeply disturbed and asked him for help. I doubt that many people outside of Bloomington know of the social ostracism accorded Dr. Kinsey and his family because of his research into that "naughty" subject. I grew up there, and watched parents forbidding their children to play with the Kinsey children, and the Kinseys being "cut" when they attended social functions. What a price for a dedicated researcher to have to pay for personal courage and intellectual honesty.

ANNA E. RICHARDSON

Indianapolis

Lolling Lady

Sir:

Re your Aug. 27 story on the American painter, John Vanderlyn. I certainly should



Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts
ARIADNE

appreciate very much seeing his picture of *Ariadne*, which "shocked his staid American contemporaries."

NORAIR GHELIBOLIAN

Caracas, Venezuela

¶ For Painter Vanderlyn's 1815 shocker, see cut.—Ed.

The Hoo-Ho Hours

Sir:

Concerning your Aug. 27 review of Jean Dutourd's *Five A.M.*: both T.S. Eliot and Jean Dutourd describe subjective and objective symptoms which they have experienced in the early morning hours, such as sweating, fear, fright, and a depressing and pessimistic outlook on life. Your review rightfully states "a man's lifetime is invariably more than the sum of what he thinks and feels in the small, black hour of the hoo-ho's."

May I offer an explanation for these depressing feelings that can come to anyone's mind during the early morning hours from 4 to 6 a.m.? My own research has shown that these thoughts coincide with a fall in the blood sugar level to the lowest point of the day, an abnormal physiologic state known as hypoglycemia. During this state, the entire body suffers a reduced oxygen consumption, and the organ most vulnerable is the brain. It is caused by faulty diet, namely, eating too much sugar (and foods containing sugar) and starchy foods during the night and day preceding.

Hypoglycemia may be chronic and may

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thus explain why some authors and philo-
sophers have had consistently pessimistic
outlooks.

BENJAMIN P. SANDLER, M.D.
Oteen, N.C.

The Arthur Murray Party

Sir:

Since TIME has never noticed our TV
program during any of the six years it has
been on the air, doesn't it seem unfair that
you printed John Crosby's 1950 comments
in your Aug. 20 issue? Time makes many
changes that TIME did not observe. For the
past three years ours has been a summer
show, and each year we have finished our
series with a higher rating than the show
we replaced.

MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY
New York City

Canal Traffic

Sir:

Your Aug. 27 studied denunciation of
Egypt's Nasser reminds me of what the
British press must have sounded like in the
1770s about another colony troublemaker—
George Washington.

GUNNAR HUGLUND
Cloquet, Minn.

Sir:

Despite some "twists" here and there, you
could not but admire the man who is so
honest with his convictions as to disregard
the might of his opponents. It is too bad
really that you try to discredit Nasser—the
only man who has brought hope in our
future.

Los Angeles

HISHAM NAZER

Sir:

It should be remembered that a similar
position was taken by the Western powers
in 1918 when Hitler occupied the Rhineland.
Talks and conferences were held, but the
occupation went unpunished, which embold-
ened Hitler to perform more similar acts,
eventually leading to World War II.

Jerusalem
JOHN DILEY

Sir:

Hooray for Gamal Abdel Nasser, cham-
pion of democracy and man of the hour.
Having been conquered, exploited, enslaved
by the British and French, what a wonderful
feeling for the Egyptians to now know that
these imperialists are getting back a taste of
the medicine they've been dishing out.

JAMES KING
Platteville, Wis.

Sir:

Thanks for the good article on the Poor
Man's Pharaoh. How about starting a new
competition: "Churl of the Year?" My nom-
ination: Nasser.

ALLAN R. ROBERTSON
Captain, U.S.A.F.

Big Spring, Texas

Characters & Caricatures

Sir:

Please commend TONY Artist Ernest Hamlin
Baker for his Aug. 27 cover portrait. It is a
chance to see a natural and realistic picture of
President Nasser instead of the distasteful and
derogatory caricatures which seem to be the
vogue in the Western press these days.

S. M. WILSON
Potter's Bar, Middlesex, England

Sir:

About that cover of Premier Nasser: I
must say that he has grown a lot uglier since
your last cover (Sept. 26, 1951). The trouble

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Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.

with you people is that sometimes you discover the ugliness in some characters a damn sight too late.

MICHAEL M. EILAND

Jerusalem

Sir:

The double subtlety which Artist Baker has incorporated into your cover is nothing less than excellent, as well as quite deserving

H. L. CREEKMORE

Covington, Ky.

Sir:

The Nasser cover was a good piece of work; he looked like the vital personality he is

H. H. LAKHANI

Durban, South Africa

Marine Court-Martial

Sir:

In her Sept. 3 letter, Mrs. James Watt complains that Marine Sergeant Matthew McKeon's sentence was not severe enough for "the drunken, sadistic murder of six youngsters." What would she suggest, that he be hanged, drawn and quartered? She seems much more sadistic than she thinks Sergeant McKeon to be.

NICK PALELLA

Chicago

Sir:

Though the sergeant claimed his only interest in going into the swamp was to train his men, he killed six of them through his lack of knowledge of the terrain. A leader is not expected to lead men into a death trap.

FELIX CAYO

San Francisco

Further Fuss About AFUS

Sir:

After reading "Fuss About AFUS" in your Aug. 27 issue, I'd like to say that there isn't a marine in the Marine Corps who wears his uniform with any more pride than our airmen. As to the remarks made about airmen "having as much discipline as a kindergarten class and most of the time acting the same," I say "bunk!" If acting self-centered, strutting and being egotistical is their idea of discipline, then I concede that the Marine Corps is certainly a well-disciplined outfit.

ROBERT J. BEARDMORE
U.S.A.F.

Beloit, Wis.

One-Eyed Beauty

Sir:

Thanks for the wonderful reproduction of the bust of Nefertete in your Aug. 20 issue. You are to be congratulated for choosing one of the most beautiful pieces of art in all history.

JOAN L. RAFIL

Los Angeles

Sir:

You say the bust of Nefertete lacks "one rock-crystal eye." That may well be, but Arthur Weizsäcker, in his *Personality of Artistry* (published in 1928), says: "She had suffered the very common Egyptian misfortune of losing the sight of one of her eyes. The sculptor to whom she sat . . . had been instructed by the King to execute his work . . . with the greatest realism, and not to hide any defects." Even so, she was a beautiful, regal person indeed.

DOROTHY RUSSELL

Seward, Alaska

¶ Says West Berlin's Dahlem Museum Director Heinrich Zimmermann of the old theory that the statue was made



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with one eye because of Nefertete's partial blindness: "No, no. That's nonsense!"—Ed.

Shannon's Price

Sir:
Congratulations on the clear presentation of facts in your Aug. 27 article concerning Shannon Duty Free Airport. Because of TIME's reputation for accuracy, I hasten to correct a misstatement in the article for which TIME is not responsible. Because of a typographical error in our most recent camera price list, the Shannon price for a German Rollei camera is shown as \$82 instead of \$83. The correct figure, of course, still represents outstanding value.

J. G. Ryan

Commercial Division Manager

Shannon Free Airport Shops
Shannon, Ireland

Behind the Lace Curtain

Sir:
Please tell Luis Patricio Sullivan of Mexico City [Aug. 27] that the lace-curtain shanty Irish is not an insulting epithet but a whimsey originating among the Irish, repeated among themselves and to non-Irish friends, quoted by the latter—always with quote marks implied by the intonation. Several years ago an Irish friend told me a more recent version, which classified Irish-Americans into "the clean lace-curtain Irish, and the dirty Venetian-blind Irish."

RUTH R. COLEMAN

Chicago

The Mediterranean

Sir:
As a student of international relations and ethnology, I can say that TIME's Aug. 20 illustrated article on the Mediterranean was a journalistic masterpiece. It is no secret that—even in this international age—Americans have an extremely limited knowledge of the world they live in. The fine maps that accompanied the treatment of each great Mediterranean civilization were excellently suited towards remedying this situation.

M. PASSARIELLO

Floral Park, N.Y.

Sir:

This area has major geopolitical importance not only because of the oil-rich eastern lands, but also for its major role in history as a principal western approach to the heartland of Europe.

CLAIR DONOVAN

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fixative Fix

Sir:
Under the headline "Cancer Suspects" appearing in your Aug. 27 issue, you list "Beta-naphthylamine, used as a dye fixative in many lipsticks and chewing gums." As far as we know, and we have checked with all of the important technical experts in the lipstick field, beta-naphthylamine is not used in lipstick at all. Nor is it an intermediate of the various dyes which are used in the manufacture of lipsticks, and accordingly cannot even appear therein as a contaminant.

S. L. MAYHAM

Executive Vice President

The Toilet Goods Association, Inc.
New York City

TIME erred. Beta-naphthylamine, although not found in any currently marketed U.S. lipsticks or chewing gums, was formerly used in some British lipsticks.—Ed.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Safety Catch

From the start of the Suez Canal crisis six weeks ago, the U.S. has been the patient, quieting influence, calming those in Britain and France who talked of force. It was U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles who mustered 18 maritime nations behind a mild U.S. plan to put the key waterway under a form of international supervision while acknowledging Egypt's ownership. Dulles sent the State Department's ace Middle East trouble-shooter, Loy Henderson, to Cairo on a five-nation committee "to present and explain" the U.S. plan to Egypt's President Nasser.

"I believe," said Dulles, "that we will invoke moral forces which are bound to prevail." What if they did not? Said Dulles: "That will create a new and serious situation."

Last week Nasser rejected the U.S. forces of morality, and that new and serious situation was at hand. The Cairo talks failed, and once more war talk was spouting out of Paris and London (see FOREIGN NEWS). In this new crisis, the basic objectives of the U.S. remained unchanged. "We are committed to a peaceful settlement of this problem," said President Eisenhower.

The U.S.'s aims were 1) keep the Communists out of the Middle East, 2) keep the peace and preserve the highest possible measure of unity of the non-Communist world, 3) keep the Suez Canal in working order so that Middle Eastern oil might continue to flow to Western Europe's industry. None of these objectives would be achieved and all of these objectives would be jeopardized by a shooting war. In the tactical sense, the U.S. was ready to accept blame from the British for dragging its feet if that might give Prime Minister Anthony Eden a better chance for maneuvering in the new phases of the crisis.

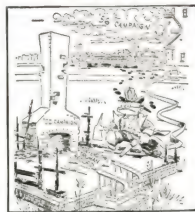
This week the crisis centered in London, and there was a possibility that it might eventually go to the United Nations. But whatever the technical course might be, it was clearer than ever before that the U.S. will have to play the most significant role in any solution that might be reached. "The gun is loaded, aimed, and the finger is on the trigger," said a neutral observer in crisis-torn Cairo last week, adding gratefully, "but the U.S. is the safety catch."



Gib Crockett—Washington Star
"BUT IT TASTES SO GOOD!"



Scott Long—Minneapolis Tribune
PRACTICE DRIVE?



Dowling—© 1956, N.Y. Herald Tribune Inc.
No, No, Harry, It's Over There

THE CAMPAIGN

Off & Running

Like an early swallow ushering in a new season, the first Gallup poll of the 1956 presidential campaign last week fixed the starting positions as well as they will ever be fixed. After asking voters across the U.S. which ticket they would now like to see win, Pollster George Gallup announced these results:

Eisenhower-Nixon	52%
Stevenson-Kefauver	41%
Undecided	7%

That placed Candidate Dwight Eisenhower farther ahead than he was at the start of the 1952 campaign, when the first post-convention sampling gave Eisenhower 50%, Stevenson 43%, and left 7% undecided. When the popular vote was counted in November, Eisenhower received 54.9%, Stevenson 44.4%. If the present undecided 7% were to split as the "decideds" did, Pollster Gallup pointed out, the candidates would stand today at 56% and 44%.

Reversed Roles. From that position, the campaign of 1956 will get under way this week in earnest. At Gettysburg, Pa., more than 400 Republican leaders will gather to hear President Eisenhower and Vice President Richard Nixon launch the G.O.P. campaign. At Harrisburg, a few miles to the north, Adlai Stevenson will put the Democratic campaign machinery in official motion with a 30-minute television and radio speech.

In 1956 both parties must reverse their long-established campaign roles. For the first time in 24 years, the in-power Republicans will concentrate on the positive process of placing their record before the voters. For the first time in 24 years, the Democrats must go over to the attack, must find or invent issues.

Disappointing Start. This reversal, plus the fact that Eisenhower Republicanism is already firmly established in the middle of the campaign road, has thrust upon Adlai Stevenson the unaccustomed role of aggressor. In his search for issues to attract the independent vote—which holds the important balance of power that it held in 1952—Stevenson in his pre-campaign campaigning has ranged far, wide, and sometimes erratically. In speeches that have become increasingly strident, he has come out on the one hand for sounder money and on the other hand for lower taxes and bigger federal expendi-

tures. He has been at once for a stronger national defense establishment, an early end to the draft, and less reliance on strategic air power.

With the campaign's preliminary stages over, the first assessments of Early-Starter Stevenson's performance were on record last week. His campaigning, actually in progress since he announced last November that he would seek the nomination, might have given him a genuine advantage. But the Gallup poll did not show that it had done so, nor did the first cool analyses of what he had accomplished.

One of the sharpest of these came from the New York Times, which had been strong for Adlai Stevenson's nomination

Democratic quarterdeck behind him stood the strategists, watching to see which salvo would be most damaging.

Sailing into Detroit's Cadillac Square for a Labor Day appearance, Stevenson drew aim on domestic issues. Before a crowd smaller in size and enthusiasm than those of other Detroit Labor Days, he blasted the G.O.P. for what he called "ugly patches of poverty and insecurity which still deny dignity, even decency, to the lives of almost one-fifth of all American families." To the Republicans he also assigned blame for reduced farm income and layoffs among Detroit auto-workers. "When the Republican Secretary of Defense looks at these facts and says that he never liked kennel dogs anyway, when

ment consistent with the national safety." Some Democratic strategists hoped that Stevenson's end-the-draft call would draw the dramatic reaction of Ike's 105: "I will go to Korea," but they were disappointed. The proposal was a dud; it was sharply criticized as a perilous panacea that would stir up neutralism abroad and preparedness lethargy at home.

In contrast to his cool reception from the Legion, Adlai enjoyed a seven-minute, banner-waving, snake-dancing demonstration through the aisles by 1,500 delegates when he appeared at the International Association of Machinists' convention in San Francisco. Said he: "I've concluded after this demonstration to accept your nomination." In San Francisco Stevenson experienced another pleasure: ending 22 months' Army service, son Borden, 24, rejoined his father and brothers, Adlai III, 28, and John Fell, 20. Reunited after a 15-month separation, the Stevenson family went to the I.A.M. convention and flew home to Chicago together.²²

Not G.O.P. but G.Y.P. Before 5,000 Ohio Democrats gathered in Columbus' shiny veterans memorial hall for their state convention, Stevenson banged still another salvo at the G.O.P. Across the U.S. he had found a feeling "of having been left out of what has been going on in the nation's affairs, a feeling that the administration now in Washington doesn't seem to know what people's problems are or doesn't understand them if it does know, or doesn't really care when it does understand."

In Palisades Park, N.J. Stevenson fired on. "Apparently the Republicans think we are not playing the game unless we echo their fatuous complacency," he said. "Well, I intend to go right on acting like a Democrat and an American, calling for improvement where I think improvement is needed." He had some thoughts about where it was needed: "It's no longer the G.O.P. but the G.Y.P., and you know what that spells." Attacking Republican "corruption" in New Jersey, Illinois and Pennsylvania, Stevenson said: "I wish this contagion of Republican misconduct and corruption were confined to state governments. It is not. It has marked the Eisenhower Administration from start to finish."

At week's end, after logging 5,619 miles, Adlai Stevenson ended his shakedown and hove to for an inspection of its accomplishments—such as they were. Reverting to a 1952 practice, Adlai had remained up far into the morning hours to polish his speeches. Once polished at the edges, they sometimes grew dull in the middle. For the most part, audience reaction had been tepid. There was considerable editorial criticism that his cries had become too shrill. Most important of all, there was no evidence that any direct and demolishing hits had been scored by the wild shakedown salvos.

At week's end the boys disengaged themselves from the campaign caravan, prepared to return to school. All three will continue studies at Harvard, visit their Princetonian father on campaign weekends.



SON ADLAI, SON BORDEN, ADLAI & SON JOHN FELL

Amidst wild salvos, a family reunion.

and had been genuinely friendly toward him. Said the even-tempered Times: "When a candidate for high office faces an uphill battle, as it is generally presumed Mr. Stevenson does in this year's election, there is an inevitable temptation for him to appeal to people weary of the necessary sacrifices . . . or to large groups of other people with some special interest. Mr. Stevenson seems to us to have done this [in his end-the-draft proposal, criticism of Ike's veto of the pork-barreling Rivers and Harbors bill, promise to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act] . . . We believe that at certain points the early days of his campaign have been disappointing to a considerable number of independent voters."

DEMOCRATS

Shakedown Cruise

Testing out his 1956 campaign, Adlai Stevenson ranged across the U.S. last week on a shakedown cruise. From Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco and New Jersey he fired broadside after broadside at the Eisenhower Administration. On the

the Republican Secretary of the Treasury looks at them and then proposes a 5% sales tax, when the President's assistant looks at them and laughs about the right to suffer as one of the joys of a free economy—then I say it's time to take this government away from the people who know only how to count and turn it back to people who also care.

Cheers & Boos. Taking Running Mate Estes Kefauver aboard, Stevenson cruised next day to Los Angeles, where his attack on the Administration's defense and foreign policies was roundly booed by some of the 2,000 delegates and guests at the American Legion's national convention. The Legion listened silently as Stevenson angrily charged that "the claim that Democrats were responsible for the Korean war, and that the Republicans stopped it . . . is as miserable a fraud as has ever been used by a political party to confuse and embitter."

From legionnaires who one day later approved continuation of the peacetime draft he drew scattered applause by urging that "it is the national will . . . that the draft be ended at the earliest possible mo-

Professional Common Man (See Cover)

On his farm in Platte County, Mo., a friend of Estes Kefauver sat musing about why he likes the Senator from Tennessee. "I think," said Missouri's cattle-raising Democratic Representative William Hull Jr., "that he is the type of fellow who, if he was out campaigning and came across a farmer pitching manure, would take off his coat, grab another pitchfork and start to work." This week, pitchfork in hand, Vice-Presidential Nominee Kefauver was all set to start work on the key part of his Democratic campaign job: winning votes for his ticket in the twelve-state Midwestern farm area with a soft pitch of faith, hope and parity.

Although Estes Kefauver's appeal is not limited to the farm country, it is there that he has proven his credentials: in 1952 and 1956 he entered a total of ten Midwestern presidential primaries, came out of them undefeated, and, in Minnesota last March, very nearly closed the barn door on Adlai Stevenson. It is his appeal to farmers that best explains Kefauver's vote-pulling powers wherever they exist. Many another Democratic politician can point to a farm record as staunch and steady as Kefauver's; Kefauver himself is almost inarticulate in expressing his policies. When asked precisely what he stands for, he is likely to hesitate, ponder painfully, and finally come up with some such phrase as "a place in the sun for the farmer," or "the best interests of the plain people of this nation," or "an even break for the average man." But the Midwestern farmer cares much less about what Kefauver stands for than about how he looks and acts.

Goodness Is As Goodness Does. Estes Kefauver, 53, looks and acts like a hulking (6 ft. 3 in., 220 lbs.), humble, approachable, kindly man. Says Minnesota Farmers Union President Ed Christianson: "It's because of his personality and the way he presents things to us. It's his speech and his manner." Explains Kansas Wheat Farmer Jerry Risely: "I met him in a restaurant and had a chance to talk to him. I thought he had something about him—that his words carried tremendous importance." Adds Minnesota Cattle Raiser Norman Hanson: "Stevenson doesn't come down to where the farmers are. Kefauver does."

It is because of his ability—and Stevenson's comparative inability—to project a just-plain-folks personality that Kefauver, the professionally common man, is of uncommon value to the Democratic ticket. He stands high with labor (A.F.L.-C.I.O. Vice President Walter Reuther was one of his boosters for the vice-presidential nomination). Two presidential primaries showed clearly how the New Hampshire housewife felt about Kefauver. Professional Southern politicians dislike him intensely—but even they admit that Southern voters by the thousands are likely to fall hard for Kefauver's poor-mouthed Southern drawl.

To exploit Kefauver's appeal, he is be-

ing given equal, if hyphenated, billing on Stevenson-Kefauver campaign posters and party strategists plan to let him have more campaign money than any previous vice-presidential candidate. It should be money well spent. Said a correspondent traveling with Kefauver: "He's the single strongest asset Stevenson's got."

More than Skin-Deep. Thus has Estes Kefauver's plain and simple exterior made him Adlai Stevenson's right-hand man in the 1956 national campaign. But behind that Kefauver there is another Kefauver, neither plain nor simple.

Everything about Kefauver points to birth in a log cabin, but he was actually raised on his family's 600-acre farm near Madisonville, Tenn. (pop. 1,500), where



ROBERT & ESTES KEFAUVER
One tried to live for two.

his father was a well-to-do real-estate operator, hardware dealer and five-term mayor. Kefauver's whole demeanor speaks of an education limited to the little red schoolhouse, but he graduated from the University of Tennessee and Yale Law School. (His top adviser, Washington's "Jiggs" Donohue, says Adlai and Estes get along well because, "after all, they're both Ivy Leaguers, you might say.") Kefauver has won a name as an outspoken critic of big business, but he was once a highly successful Chattanooga corporation lawyer. He appears to be a happy, stunt-loving political extravert, but beneath the calm, smiling surface is a tense introvert.

Estes Kefauver has met, talked to and sympathized with as many people as anyone in the U.S., but his own wife, red-haired, Scottish-born Nancy Pigott Kefauver, has said that he is "not much interested in individuals." Thousands of U.S. farmers, factory workers, shopkeepers and elderly ladies feel, on the basis of a moment's acquaintance, that Kefauver is an old friend. But his oldest friends sometimes feel that they do not know him at

all. Recalls his 1948 senatorial campaign manager, Charles Neese: "I was riding with an assistant of his one day, and I asked, 'Do you understand him?' The answer was, 'No, do you understand him?'" Neese's reply: "No."

The Life of Two Boys. The key to an understanding of Carey Estes Kefauver lies deep. From his father, Robert Cooke Kefauver, who is now seriously ill in Tennessee, Estes inherited a pre-Revolutionary name (it had originally come from the German Kefober) and a penchant for Wilsonian liberalism that, although fuzzily expressed, has remained constant. From his mother, Phredonia Estes,* came a lineage tracing back to Renaissance Italy (Villa d'Este, the family seat in Tivoli, is famed the world over for its fountains and terraced gardens).

But Phredonia gave Estes something more than a proud bloodline: she instilled in him the overwhelming, sometimes smothering sense of kindness that is one of his most notable characteristics. Even when he was in college, she wrote every other day with homely admonitions: e.g., "Leave no tender word unsaid" (he has not left one), and "Do good while life shall last" (he tries desperately). The Bible she gave him as a boy had pasted in it a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

*If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself and see you do not
shirk*

The common little ways of being kind.

When Estes Kefauver was eleven, the family suffered a tragedy that shaped his life. His brother Robert, two years older, was the great light of the Kefauver family. "He was the bright one," says Estes. Adds Kefauver's Aunt Lottie: "Robert was the smartest child that ever lived. He was the one the family pinned their hopes on. Estes was just the sweetest child in the world." One day Estes, Robert and some other tads were swimming in the nearby Tellico River. Suddenly Robert went under. Estes was on the other side of the river, arrived after the other boys had pulled Robert out, worked desperately to help revive his brother. But Robert died convulsively a few days later.

For months Estes mourned, brooding alone in his room through long, tortured hours. When he emerged, he was changed. Says Kefauver: "I became more serious and studious. I felt I had to do better to make up to my parents for his loss." Many of the paradoxes and contradictions of Estes Kefauver may be explained by a lifelong friend, who says: "It seems as though Keef were trying to live the life of two boys." One boy might have settled for life as a gentleman farmer or a lawyer. But the other had visions of a greater destiny—as President of the U.S.

The Coon in the Drawer. Kefauver has never since let his eye stray far from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. "There have,"

* He carries not only her maiden name but the less-known maiden name of her mother, Judith Carey.



JOHN STEVENSON & SLEEPING ESTES

he says, "been active times thinking about it and inactive times." His entire career testifies to the fact that the active times far outnumber the inactive. Even in high school, when asked to sign a girl friend's album, Estes Kefauver stated his ambition: "To be President." He began as a campus politician at Tennessee, where he was known as "Big Stuff" in tribute to his achievements as senior-class president, editor of the campus paper, football tackle and star discus thrower. In 1930 he cheerfully gave up his lucrative Chattanooga law practice to enter, and win, a special House election. Re-elected four times, he saw a chance in late 1947 to move up the political ladder to the U.S. Senate.

To get there, Kefauver had to beat both the incumbent and the hand-picked candidate of Memphis' mighty political boss, Ed Crump. When Kefauver began making headway, Crump lashed out viciously with a full-page newspaper ad that said: "Kefauver reminds me of the pet coon that puts its foot in an open drawer in your room, but invariably turns its head while its foot is feeling around in the drawer. The coon hopes, through its cunning by turning its head, he will deceive any onlookers as to where his foot is and what it is into." Estes Kefauver replied promptly, and with a humor rare in him, Donning a coonskin cap, he told his audiences: "I may be a pet coon, but I'll never be Mr. Crump's pet coon."

The Flypaper Grip. Kefauver's coonskin cap caught Tennessee's imagination, and he handily won both the Democratic nomination and the general election. But infinitely more important to his long-term ambitions was the advice given him early in that senatorial campaign by Nashville *Tennessean* Publisher Silliman Evans Jr. and Campaign Manager Charles Neese. They told him that if he could shake at least 500 hands a day until election time he could beat the Crump machine. He

did—and won—and it has since been a slug-abad campaign day that has not seen him pump at least 500 hands.

The Kefauver handshake has deservedly become a national monument. It is not bone-crushing or even firm. It is limp but not clammy. An inward turn of the wrist prevents pressure that would later cause aches and pains. Unlike Adlai Stevenson, Kefauver does not chatter as he shakes; he utters one friendly sentence and reaches for the next hand. As he shakes with his right hand, he applies a light pressure with his left on his well-wisher's right elbow, thus keeping the line moving. When someone launches an extended conversation, Kefauver seems to give undivided attention—but he grabs for the next hand in line. The resulting traffic pile-up generally gets rid of the talker.

Kefauver's handshaking fetish has caused the Stevenson entourage some anguish. Admits a Kefauver assistant: "It's like pulling a fly off flypaper." Even Nancy Kefauver has her tale of woe. Campaigning with Estes one time, she stepped from a plane to face a howling wind and the prop wash of several other planes. Nancy's hat was imperiled, her skirt began to balloon. Says she: "Just as I grabbed for the hat with one hand and for the skirt with the other, an eager, friendly crowd swarmed up to greet us. Someone thrust at me the usual welcoming bouquet, which I, not being endowed with three hands, frantically considered gripping with my teeth. Estes, pumping away with both fists, looked over at me, a little annoyed. Above the hubbub of wind, propellers and introductions, he called out, 'Honey, why can't you shake hands with all these good people?'"

"Shame on You, Estes." In just such resolute fashion, Estes Kefauver shook his way into the U.S. Senate. There, his voting record showed heavy emphasis on TVA, other public-power projects and farm subsidies. It followed Fair-Deal doctrine (up to 95% pro-Administration in 1949-50) and this year won him a rating by the Americans for Democratic Action as one of the eleven Senators most pleasing to that organization's left-wing position. But among his own colleagues Kefauver's popularity rating years ago dropped through the floor; he probably has fewer Capitol Hill friends than any other Senator. Hardly any have supported him in his quest for the presidency. Many feel that he has shamefully neglected his Senate duties to engage in that quest (in 16 years in the House and Senate, he authored not a single major piece of legislation). Others consider him the rankest sort of opportunist, who will do anything to grab a headline.

Kefauver especially failed to endear himself to Southern Congressmen. Early in his House career he co-authored a book urging congressional reorganization that would have relaxed the South's hold through seniority on committee chairmanships. He has voted against poll taxes, and has favored an antilynching bill; his present stand on civil rights is at least as

straightforward as Stevenson's. Mississippi's old Demagogue John Rankin was only expressing the consensus of Southern Congressmen when, years ago, he arose on the House floor, wagged an accusing finger, and bellowed: "Shame on you, Estes Kefauver!"

"He Perked Right Up." In 1950-51 came the opportunity that Estes Kefauver had been seeking since boyhood: the Truman Administration was rocked by a succession of scandals, some big-city politicians were obviously in cahoots with racketeers—and the U.S. was ready for some simple morality. Estes served up that morality in Phreonian quantities. As chairman of a special Senate committee investigating interstate crime, he became the honest face on the television screen, the painfully sincere voice asking "Greasy Thumb" and "Tough Tony" and "Murray the Camel" why they were such naughty boys. Kefauver's probe had little lasting effect; it resulted in the passage of only one relatively unimportant public law. It made him some powerful enemies, especially among Democratic city bosses—but it made him a leading candidate for the 1952 Presidential nomination.

Kefauver gave it a terrific try, beating Harry Truman in the New Hampshire primary (a political sin that Harry neither forgot nor forgave), collecting about 275 delegates in other primaries, leading on the first two convention ballots at Chicago. And then Estes Kefauver watched, stunned and shocked, as his Democratic enemies turned over the prize he coveted above all others to a man who had said he didn't want it: Adlai Stevenson.

After Stevenson was nominated, some of Kefauver's friends feared for his self-control. He lay awake nights suffering over his defeat, wondering how he had lost, blaming only himself. One night, in an air-conditioned hotel room, he arose three or four times to change the pajamas

© Correct pronunciation: Est-is Kef-lawver.

THE KEF STICKS 'EM UP

Arthur Shay



that had been soaked through with the cold sweat of his torment. But he was saved by his dream of destiny. Chicago Lawyer A. Bradley Eben, a top Kefauver adviser, recalls telling the still-dazed Estes: "Well, now we've got to plan for 1956." Says Eben: "He perked up immediately when he heard that."

Postcards from Moscow. Kefauver began pointing for 1956. Increasing the number of speeches he made for fees, he paid off the debt—estimated at \$30,000—incurred by his 1952 campaign. He held his place in the Senate by carrying 91 of Tennessee's 95 counties against a tough, helicopter-hopping war hero who accused Estes of coddling Communists. With his investigations of juvenile delinquency, violence and sex in motion pictures, pornography, black-market babies and Dixon-Yates, Kefauver went prospecting for publicity. He became one of the first Democrats to speak out squarely against Dwight Eisenhower ("Eisenhower is a disappointing President"). Whereas most prospective presidential candidates make one trip abroad, Kefauver made three, covering Europe, the Middle East and Asia. And when the Soviet Union relaxed its restrictions against U.S. travelers, Kefauver was among the first to pop over to Moscow.

Estes Kefauver's travels brought no great contributions to U.S. foreign policy. He remained, as for years before, an enthusiast of Clarence Streit's dreamy Atlantic Union, under which the U.S. would give up significant rights of sovereignty to participate with other free nations in a constitutional federation.

What Kefauver's journeys did bring was a blizzard of postcards and notes from all points of the world to all parts of the U.S. To Texas' Senator Lyndon Johnson came one beginning: "Dear Lyndon. I am at the airport waiting to get on a plane for Helsinki. I want you to know I am thinking about you." In one of the choice seats of a Moscow theater, with Soviet culture cavorting all around him, Estes Kefauver sat scribbling away on his postcards to prospective supporters. And finally, thousands of miles and three months after Moscow, to a man in Illinois came a message from Washington: "Dear Adlai. As you know, I am announcing tomorrow, I do hope we can get together."

Nittles from Adlai. In 1956 Kefauver had to fight a personal as well as a political battle. Wife Nancy, 45, who had campaigned with him in 1952, was at best unenthusiastic this time. Kefauver's four children (three girls and an adopted boy) were extremely unhappy about Daddy's leaving home again. The oldest daughter, Linda, 14, refused to speak to Kefauver for three weeks after his announcement. But Estes Kefauver knew what he wanted, and he had only one way to go after it. Says he: "If you seek anything, you ought to do it with all your might."

He did just that, and his win over the favored Stevenson in Minnesota again demonstrated Kefauver's great strength in the farm states. After that the campaign got rougher—and the two men who

are now running mates said things they wish they had swallowed. Directly or indirectly, Kefauver accused Stevenson of bossism, mudslinging, fair-weather liberalism, inconsistency on civil rights, and of being a "silver-platter candidate." Said Stevenson: "I find this very irksome." Then Stevenson charged Kefauver with neglecting his Senate duties. Said he: "There may be such a thing as wanting to be President too badly." Retorted Kefauver: "Mr. Stevenson is not talking sense; he is simply talking nonsense, and he is doing it in the manner of a man who is desperate."

California, most crucial of the state primaries, wrecked all Kefauver's chances and brought, less than two months later, his withdrawal in favor of Stevenson. When Harry Truman's Chicago endorsement of Averell Harriman seemed to throw the nomination open again, some of Kefauver's supporters urged him to jump back into the contest. Kefauver refused: "Phredonia's lessons were too strong in him. 'I felt,' he says, 'that I had given my word.'" He worked hard and faithfully to switch his delegates to Stevenson—and his efforts helped give Stevenson a first-ballot nomination.

When Nominee Stevenson announced that the vice-presidential candidate would be chosen in a wide open convention, such Kefauver managers as Jiggs Donohue urged Estes to stay out. The whole thing was a phony, they argued. Stevenson had really chosen a running mate: the best Estes could get was another slap in the face—and he was running out of cheeks to turn. But Kefauver talked to Stevenson at Adlai's victory party and received personal assurances that the race was indeed open. He left the party, huddled with aides in a post-midnight session, talked it over with Nancy and decided to make the fight that he won on the wild second ballot.

Alka-Seltzer & Vitamins. Last week Estes Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson, men who had fought and made up, were together on the campaign road. Before leaving Washington, Kefauver worked on routine chores in his office and in his six-bedroom English Tudor home in fashionable Spring Valley. (Richard Nixon lives about eight blocks away, the two Nixon girls and the two youngest Kefauver girls go to the same public school. Nancy Kefauver and Pat Nixon shop in the same neighborhood stores, belong to the same P.T.A. chapter.) Kefauver also went to Farnsworth-Reed Ltd., an exclusive 17th Street custom shop, bought a blue suit and a grey suit, discovered that his campaign exertions had reduced his waistline from 41 to 30 in. and his collar size from 17 to 16½.

In Kefauver's hand as he boarded the Chicago-bound Capital Airlines plane was his enormous, ever-present briefcase, stuffed with all the items that long campaign experience has taught him he needs: an extra shirt (he perspires heavily), his slippers, silver-blue eyeshade, mail, vitamins, Alka-Seltzer, cigars (he chews them still unwrapped), cigarettes and a holder



United Press
BY SWIMMING POOLS



Francis Miller—LIFE
AT BARBERSHOPS



Francis Miller—LIFE
IN FRATERNITY HOUSES

(to keep fit for campaigning he tried to quit smoking, failed, settled for filter-tipped cigarettes puffed through a filtered holder), three or four pairs of reading and sunglasses, shaving equipment—and a fat, black contact book with all the important political names in the area about to be toured.

Alphonse & Gaston. In Chicago, waiting at the airport for Stevenson, Estes reached for the sky (while photographers clicked madly away) to save himself from the cap pistol of a 33-year-old Roy Rogers. When Stevenson and Kefauver started to board their chartered plane in Chicago, their aides looked for a routine that had already become familiar. At the foot of the ramp (or when getting into a car or

closely timed schedule sort of cramped Kefauver's style. He wanted to get out by himself and start beating the bushes, taking all the time he needed to shake every hand he could find. He means to do everything that energy and ambition can accomplish to win the election. The Vice President's chair is not quite what he set his sights on as a boy, but it will do—for a while. If the Democrats win, Kefauver will be closer to the presidency than ever before.

But even a Democratic loss does not mean the end for Estes Kefauver, especially if he can show his strength by carrying some farm states against the formidable Republican team. He will still be in the Senate, and, having run on the

once characterized Richard Nixon's investigation into the Alger Hiss case as a red herring?

A. No, but it was, I never characterized it as that, but that's exactly what it was.*

Q. You didn't approve the investigation and exposure of Alger Hiss?

A. I didn't say that at all. I said the investigation was for the purpose of covering up the facts in legislation in which the Government was interested at the time for the welfare of the people. That's all it was intended to be. Alger Hiss was never convicted of being disloyal to the Government of the U.S.

Q. Well, I know, because the statute of limitations had run out.

A. It was not because the statute of limitations had run out; it was the fact that they couldn't prove anything, and they charged him with having not told the truth on the stand. That's all.

Q. Do you think he was a Communist spy?

A. No. I do not.

Having thus dragged his aromatic old red herring into the ring trailing the Hiss case behind it, Harry went on to assure Professor Bouscaren that neither Harry Dexter White nor Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, leaders of a Red cabal among federal employees during and after World War II, were spies. Said Truman: "Neither of them were guilty of anything."

Moving on to Washington at week's end to lash out at Dwight D. Eisenhower and hole up for consultations with Old Crony Harry Vaughan, Truman got to talking about his place in the Democratic campaign. "I've told 'em not to send me any place where I could do them any harm," he said. New Jersey's Democratic U.S. Representative T. James Tumulty thought he knew just the place. "Send him," he telegraphed Adlai Stevenson, "on a slow boat to China."

REPUBLICANS

Campaigner at Work

Wearing the overseas cap of Whittier American Legion Post No. 51, of which he is a member, Vice President Richard Nixon stepped before 6,000 cheering fellow Legionnaires and guests at the closing session of their 38th national convention in Los Angeles last week to make his campaign speech. He took aim, point by point, at the speech made from the same platform 24 hours earlier by Adlai Stevenson.

What of Stevenson's proposal for an early end to the draft? "I realize that it is always tempting to tell the voters there is an easy way to meet difficult problems . . . But this is no time to suggest to our friends or our possible opponents abroad that America is getting soft and tired, and is looking for an easy way out of our world responsibilities. In this critical moment of history, let us have the good sense



THE KEFAUVERS AT HOME*
Linda wasn't speaking.

Art Shoy

starting through a doorway), Estes places his big hand between Stevenson's shoulder blades, pushes gently and says, "After you, Adduhlay." Adlai places his smaller hand on Kefauver's elbow, pushes softly and says, "After you, Estes." Stevenson, the more impatient of the two, always gives in and goes first. Comments a Stevenson assistant: "This is the greatest Alphonse and Gaston act since—well, Alphonse and Gaston."

Landing in Los Angeles, Stevenson and Kefauver faced a mob scene sufficient to warm any politician's heart. As they prepared to meet the crowd, someone remarked that it was a greater throng than the one that recently met Rock-'n'-Roll Star Elvis Presley. "Who," asked Stevenson, "is Elvis Presley?" As usual, Estes Kefauver was right on hand to help fill Stevenson's fund of common knowledge. Elvis the Pelvis, he said, was "a fine boy" from Tennessee.

"Ah Need Your He'p." As the campaign party moved through Los Angeles and San Francisco, Estes Kefauver seemed as placid and happy as ever—but inwardly he was beginning to boil. Campaigning with Adlai was all right, but the

national ticket, may be known as a team player instead of a loner. He faces a 1960 campaign for re-election, and may therefore have to skip his quadrennial fight for the presidential nomination. But he is relatively young, and there are other years and other elections. The chances are good that Iowa farmers, New Hampshire lumberjacks and California avocado growers will some day be confronted again by the tall man with the outstretched right hand and the quiet drawl: "Ah'm Estes Kefauver, Ah'm running for President and Ah need your he'p."

The Old Familiar Fish

Into the beer-and-Braves tumult of Milwaukee, Wis. one day last week roared Harry Truman, ready to start Round One of his battle for Adlai Stevenson. With one Truman-type swing, he hit his own party's cause just above the belt. He sat down at a TV panel show with Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, professor of political science at Marquette University.

Q. Mr. President, is it true that you

* From left: Nancy, Linda, Diane, David, Gail, Estes.

* In his press conference Aug. 5, 1948 Truman said: "[The investigations] are simply a red herring. [The Republicans in Congress] are using this as a red herring to keep from doing what they ought to do."

and courage to make whatever sacrifices are necessary to carry out America's international responsibilities.

Turning to Stevenson's proposal that the U.S. should stop testing hydrogen bombs if other nations would agree, Nixon said: "I respectfully submit that for us to have followed this advice would have been not only naive but dangerous to our national security. To have taken such action would have been like telling police officers that they should discard their weapons, provided the lawbreakers would throw away their machine guns."

The Administration, said the Vice President, welcomes "healthy and constructive" debate of its foreign policy. "But," he added, "I cannot agree with those who seem to relish proclaiming that American prestige in the world is at an all-time low. I have traveled around the world two times in the past three and a half years. I have met and talked personally, not only to government leaders, but to thousands of people in all walks of life. I can tell you that there is a great well of friendship and respect for the people and the Government of the United States in every country I have visited."

Back in Washington this week, worn by his long vigil at the bedside of the dying father (see MILESTONES), Nixon was preparing to launch probably the most strenuous political campaign any Republican has ever waged. Flying in a chartered DC-6B, accompanied by his wife and a four-man staff, he will travel 14,136 miles, visit 32 states, make 50 speeches in three weeks. What he learns on this swing will do much to determine the size and shape of the Republican campaign during October and the first week in November.

Apostle at Large

Secretary of Labor James Paul Mitchell stepped before the International Association of Machinists' quadrennial convention at San Francisco last week, ostensibly to speak on automation, but actually to begin a two-month campaign to convince as many union men as possible to vote for Dwight Eisenhower in November. Mitchell was cautious ("We have strictly enforced the labor laws": "The days of hate the boss and smash the union are over"), for he was an apostle in the camp of the not-yet-convinced. During the speech he was interrupted four times by mild applause (next day Adlai Stevenson got a frenetic welcome), and he got a courteous clipped hand at the close.

White Sheep. Such is the thorny road facing Secretary Mitchell, 55, the one-time department-store executive (Macy's, Bloomingdale's), Roman Catholic, and labor-relations expert who succeeded Steam Fitter Martin Durkin in the Cabinet. Labor leaders concede that he has done a creditable job as Secretary; they admire his sincerity and ability. But Mitchell has never been able to convince them that his attitudes are the Administration's attitudes. Explains a California steelworkers' union official: "They look at Mitchell as a fair and honest guy, but as a sort of white sheep in a black family."

In his 27 speeches in 32 cities this month and next, Mitchell's main aim will be to counteract that sentiment. With each speech he will intensify a Mitchell technique that has helped in the past: informal conferences with lower-echelon union men. Wherever he visits, the Secretary arranges a bull session over drinks in his hotel room or over coffee after a leisurely breakfast. He is a good listener and a skillful answerer, can soothe an angry questioner or dodge a trap.

Right-to-Work. The Secretary of Labor is going to press some key arguments. The first is economic: a record 66,800,000 Americans are at work. The second is political: 12 of the 18 states with so-called right-to-work (which unions simply



MITCHELL (RIGHT) WITH MACHINISTS
Labor was listening.

call anti-union) legislation are Democratic, and from these states come four times as many Democratic Congressmen as Republican. Said Mitchell: "How can people who come from these states be favorable to pro-labor laws? The chairman of the House Labor Committee [North Carolina's Graham Barden] has absolutely no interest whatever in legislation favorable to labor—and he says so. When you elect a Democratic Congressman from any other state, you are helping to elect, by seniority, the chairman from North Carolina."

The Labor Secretary's campaign assignment is not an easy one. Says an assistant: "Anybody can give a speech to a Republican rally. This is the one guy in the Administration who spends most of his time talking to Democrats and independents. It's a tough job."

But G.O.P. strategists are confident that the Labor Secretary will help to crack a stratum of top unionism to reach the rank and file. Says Labor Under Secretary Arthur (A Republican Looks at his Party) Larson: "If those workers had voted the way their leaders asked them in 1952, Eisenhower wouldn't be President today."

POLITICAL NOTES

Outside Lane

It was hard to believe, folks in Massachusetts' Seventh Congressional District said, that Congressman Tom Lane was really in prison. Ask for a favor at his office in Lawrence, and his staff saw to it that the request got the same prompt courteous attention it had in the past. Let there be a funeral or a wake in the Lawrence-Lynn area, and one of his aides was sure to attend, delicately dropping the word that he was there as Lane's personal representative. Even though he was serving a four-month term for evading \$18,542 in income tax (TIME, March 19), Democrat Lane, 58, kept his fences in order. Last week he walked out of the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn., and announced that he will seek re-election to the House seat he has held since 1942.

Everything was in apple-pie order for Lane's campaign. His ever-efficient staff had rounded up the signatures for and filed his nominating petitions, even posted, two weeks before he left Danbury, plenty of Lane billboards. The candidate himself was in fine condition for the race: four months of work in the prison power plant had taken off 20 pounds, left him trim and fit at 180. He was as confident as ever. "I have built up a record," he said, "of working assiduously on behalf of my constituents. And I think no one can criticize my record as far as my service to the people of this district is concerned."

Substitution in Illinois

The Democratic state central committee of Illinois met in Springfield one day last week to perform an embarrassing chore. Their problem, as Chicago Mayor Richard Daley put it, was to choose in "open and free balloting" a substitute for Cook County Treasurer Herbert C. Paschen, who stepped out of the race for governor two weeks ago, after disclosures that a \$29,000 employees' "welfare fund" administered by his office had been used for political purposes (TIME, Sept. 10).

In the customary open and free fashion, the committee's decision had been determined in advance. The day before, after checking with Adlai Stevenson, Dick Daley had huddled with his lieutenants at Chicago's Palmer House to scan a list of some 20 hopefuls—among them Steve Mitchell, Stevenson's old aide and former Democratic national chairman. After three hours Daley & Co. brought out of the hat a name from among the "also mentioned"—Chicago Superior Judge Richard B. Austin. Quickly the word was telephoned to the Cook County delegation, which controls the committee by a 13-12 vote. The result: after token resistance from downstaters, Judge Austin was nominated unanimously on the first ballot as the hand-picked candidate of the Chicago machine.

For Dick Daley, Candidate Austin had obvious merits to outweigh the fact that outside of Chicago he is practically unknown ("Who is he?" asked a dismayed

downstate delegate when the word first got to Springfield), Richard Bevan Austin, 55, is an Episcopalian and will add diversity to a ticket on which there are already four Catholics. He has few enemies in the party, and his personal life—as family man (three sons), Chicago attorney (since 1926), assistant state's attorney (16 years) and judge (since 1953)—has been impeccable.

For the Democrats, however, Austin's merits go beyond that. Their hope of unseating Governor William G. Stratton lies chiefly in splattering him (although he was not involved) with the scandal in which former Republican State Auditor Orville E. Hodge succeeded in looting the treasury of more than \$1,000,000 (TIME, July 30 et ante). To do this they are in need of a fierce and able prosecutor. In small (5 ft. 4 in.), stern-faced Judge Austin, who assisted in prosecuting some notable crime cases in his years as assistant state's attorney, they hope they have found their man.

Accepting the nomination, Candidate Austin got right to work. Said he, in words that ex-Candidate Paschen never dared use: "The people of Illinois have been shocked by the greatest theft of their money in state history by public officials. The people have yet to receive an explanation of how these great crimes could have occurred without the knowledge of the governor."

The Trial of Jacob Javits

Into the marble-pillared Senate Caucus Room one day last week strode Republican Jacob K. Javits, the attorney general of New York. He was about to repeat in open session what he had just told the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee behind closed doors: the charges that he had knowingly sought Communist help in furthering his career were false. The matter was urgent—both for Jacob Javits and the New York G.O.P. Five days later some 300 Republican committeemen were scheduled to meet in Albany to nominate a candidate for the U.S. Senate, and Javits was the leading contender.

The whispers of "Communist association" had begun soon after Jack Javits declared his candidacy for Senator Herbert Lehman's seat (TIME, Sept. 10). Their only public source was Jay Surwine, one-time (1950-56) counsel to the subcommittee, who was seeking the Democratic nomination as U.S. Senator from Nevada (he ran a poor last in last week's primary). Before the committee, Javits faced a basic question: Had he, after his release from the Army in 1945, sought the help of Communists or of the Communist-dominated American Labor Party in his first bid for Congress on the Republican and Liberal Party tickets? Javits' reply: a categorical no.

"I Was New on the Job." He was confronted with a statement by Dr. Bella Dodd, in 1946 a prominent New York Communist and Teachers Union leader who later broke with the party. Its gist: Javits had visited her in 1946 "in connection with his political career." Replied

Javits: "To get educated" about New York affairs after his years in the army, he had called on scores of people—including Mrs. Dodd. The visit had lasted "about ten or 15 minutes" and been devoted to teachers' problems. He "had no recollection of knowing she was . . . an open and avowed Communist."

On the charge that he had sought the support of the A.L.P., he admitted that the thought had crossed his mind until a Liberal Party leader had told him: "'Don't you know, Jack, that this A.L.P. crowd are Commie-dominated?' And then I said, I want no part of them . . . Aside from the muddle I may have been in in the 1946



CANDIDATE JAVITS
"I had no doubts."

campaign, when I was new on the job. I had no doubts about the A.L.P. thereafter.

"I Would Be Astonished." The hearing lasted 43 minutes and was followed by some confusion, Indiana's Republican U.S. Senator William E. Jenner saw "inconsistencies" in the testimony. Despite Jenner, New York Republican leaders still thought that Javits was their best bet. And if they dumped him, the G.O.P. leaders feared that they would be open to charges of anti-Semitism. This could be dangerous in New York City and in other areas where the Jewish vote is substantial. Some Republican leaders worried about the long-distance effect in Philadelphia, where a shift of the Jewish vote against the Republicans might hurt the hair-close re-election chances of U.S. Senator James Duff.

In the end Javits won the day. At his press conference, President Eisenhower said that "I have never heard him say a word that wasn't that of a fine, loyal American. If I am proved wrong, I would be greatly astonished." Only a few hours before the New York State Republican convention was to meet, powerful Tom Dewey quietly passed the word that Javits was all right with him.

Briefing the Outs

One day in September 1944, a U.S. Army colonel walked into Presidential Candidate Thomas E. Dewey's temporary headquarters in Tulsa, Okla. and told James Haggerty, Dewey's press secretary, that he had to see the Republican candidate on an urgent matter. His mission was so urgent that he would not even tell who had sent him, although he agreed to write a name on a piece of paper and place it in a sealed envelope for Dewey's perusal. When Dewey ripped open the envelope, he read the name of General George Catlett Marshall, Army Chief of Staff.

Ushered in to Dewey, the colonel produced a second sealed envelope, this one containing a lengthy dispatch from Marshall. After reading the first two paragraphs, which warned that disclosure of the contents might impede the U.S. war effort, Dewey silently folded the document, put it back in the envelope and returned it to the colonel. He explained that he did not want to be bound in discussing important campaign issues. Two days later, in Albany, the colonel approached Dewey with a dispatch almost identical to the one he had refused to read in Tulsa. But there was one significant difference: the opening paragraphs had been deleted. Dewey read the document in full.

Top Secret. George Marshall had learned that Dewey knew the U.S. was cracking Japan's code. He feared that Candidate Dewey might accuse the Roosevelt Administration of having blundered into Pearl Harbor even while intercepting messages spelling out the Japanese intention to attack. Marshall was not so much concerned about the political implications as he was about the military dangers: the fact that the U.S. had cracked the Japanese code was a zealously guarded military secret. Marshall begged Dewey to keep quiet about the code, and offered a weekly briefing on top U.S. diplomatic and military secrets.

Acting on his own, without President Roosevelt's knowledge, George Marshall established a custom that is now an accepted practice in presidential years, though never since has the briefing of the rival candidate been so important. In peacetime 1948, the recipient was again Tom Dewey. In 1952, both Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson were briefed regularly. In the case of Eisenhower, who had resigned as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, the previous June to campaign for the presidency, the material was of slight value. Explained Ike last week: "I was in the middle of the military organization that had access to all of the type of information that I could possibly get. And so the additional information that I received, because of my peculiar status, was very limited, indeed."

No Strings. This year the situation is different. The U.S. is not at war. But the rival candidate for the presidency, who has not held a public office for four years, has had no access to U.S. secrets. A fortnight ago, after Adlai Stevenson had said

at a press conference that he would "welcome" intelligence reports. President Eisenhower offered him "periodic briefings on the international scene from a responsible official in the Central Intelligence Agency." The information would be secret and exclusively for Stevenson's personal knowledge, he reminded, but otherwise with no strings attached.

INDIANS

Ambush

Nobody paid any attention last July when Congress routinely passed Public Law 887, entitled "Wyandotte Tribe Termination of Federal Supervision." But last week Kansas' Senators and Representatives discovered they should have been listening to the rustling in the woods. Public Law 887 gives the Wyandotte Indian tribe of northeastern Oklahoma full title to two valuable acres of land in the heart of downtown Kansas City, Kans., estimated variously to be worth as much as \$1,500,000.

An Indian cemetery established in the 1840s when the Wyandottes moved to Kansas from Ohio and Michigan, the land was part of the property ceded to the Federal Government in 1855 in exchange for lands in Oklahoma. However, the Wyandottes insist they never did convey title to the cemetery to anybody. For more than 60 years they have been seeking to regain possession, but each attempt was blocked by Kansas' Representatives in Washington. Finally, this year, the tribe employed an old-fashioned tactic: ambush. Public Law 887 was presented to Congress as an Interior Department bill, and the Interior Department unwittingly neglected to tell any of Kansas' Senators or Representatives about it. Last week, while Kansas Citizens raged and Kansas' red-faced Congressmen fired off telegrams to Washington, Lawrence Zane, a custodian in the Miami, Okla. post office and duly elected chief of the 900-member Wyandotte tribe, told how simple it was. Said he: "We kept it quiet."²

And the chief was not through. He set Kansas City to squirming with an announcement that the acquisition of the cemetery was only the first step in a full-scale Wyandotte campaign. The tribe has its sights set on an additional 1,940 acres, much of it in downtown Kansas City. Explained Chief Zane: "We've decided to go on the warpath to protect our rights. Our ancestors used tomahawks; we're using law books."

THE SUPREME COURT

An Echo Fades

"Time was," said U.S. Supreme Court Justice Sherman ("Shay") Minton last week, "when they waited on an elderly Justice and told him he wasn't doing his work right. I don't want that to happen

to me." So saying, Justice Minton, 65, tendered his resignation from the court, effective Oct. 15, for reasons of ill health, thereby terminating a career of 15 remarkable years on federal benches and eight remarkable years in the brawling, bruising New Deal politics of his home state of Indiana and the Senate of the U.S.

Born poor in the southern Indiana hill country, Shay Minton went to work when he was "about 14," put himself through Indiana University and Law School (top of the class) and Yale Law School (*cum laude*, 1916), served in the infantry in World War I at Soissons and Verdun. Settling in New Albany, Ind., he practiced



JUSTICE MINTON
"I hate to go."

law, was elected to the U.S. Senate in Depression-drugged 1934 with a straight New Deal platform and a battle cry: "You can't offer a hungry man the Constitution." For six years Minton had a place in the vanguard of the New Deal extremists and fought especially hard on behalf of F.D.R.'s plan to pack the Supreme Court. He even introduced a bill to gag the press by imposing a \$1,000 to \$10,000 fine for printing what he called "a fact known to be false."

Gratefully, F.D.R. appointed Minton in 1941 to the Seventh U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago, where Minton toned down his predilection for fiddling with the Constitution and did a fair and workmanlike job. Eight years later, when Harry Truman appointed him to the U.S. Supreme Court, he granted that he had been "a strong partisan" in the Senate, but had put all that behind him. Returning last month from a six-week jaunt to Europe, Minton raised legal eyebrows by reverting to partisanship, endorsing Can-

didate Adlai Stevenson as "a very able man" and denigrating Candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower as "terribly handicapped physically." When his discretion was challenged, he blustered: "Hell, I wasn't speaking judicially."

Justice Minton had a heart attack in 1945, four years before Harry Truman named him to the highest court. He recovered, but developed pernicious anemia about a year later. "It's hard for me to walk more than a block, and this last term I had to take to a cane," he said. "My knees buckle and I lose my balance. It's pretty depressing. This thing keeps pecking away at me. Worst of all, it's gone to my brain. It affects my power to concentrate and think and retain arguments in my mind."

Thus did Shay Minton, New Deal fire-eater and reticent lawyer, step out of the U.S. scene on full pay, by reason of his long service, of \$35,000 a year for the rest of his life. "It is not an easy place to leave," he said sadly, "I hate to go." Then he thought of the future and the past, and added: "There will be more interest in who will succeed me than in my passing. I'm an echo."

DISASTERS

A Sudden Thought

In the pre-dawn darkness one day last week, an Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway mail train pulled off the main line and onto a siding about five miles south of the little cattle town of Springer, N. Mex., to let the Santa Fe's Los Angeles-bound streamliner, the *Chief*, roar past. As the mail train slid to a stop, Fireman Pete Camilo Caldarelli, 44, climbed down out of the locomotive and walked through the chill desert air to a switch up ahead. The job he had to do was one he had done many times in the past: stand by until the streamliner had passed, then set the switch to let his train back onto the main line.

As the *Chief's* lights came sweeping out of the darkness, the mail train whistled on the siding, and Caldarelli suddenly raced across the track, opened two locks and threw the switch. The streamliner, instead of rushing past at 40 to 45 m.p.h. on the main line, roared into the open switch, onto the siding, and plowed head on into the mail train. One Pullman car, flung into the air by the force of the crash, dropped atop a dormitory car in which the *Chief's* dining-car employees were asleep; the next Pullman rammed into the crushed dormitory car from the rear. The toll: 20 dead, all of them Santa Fe employees; 35 injured, most of them passengers.

As clean-up crews struggled with the tangled wreckage, Caldarelli went before a coroner's jury. Why had he rushed over to throw the switch the wrong way? Dazedly, Caldarelli could only say: "It suddenly occurred to me that there must be something wrong with the switch. I don't know what made me think that." The jury returned a noncommittal verdict of accidental death.

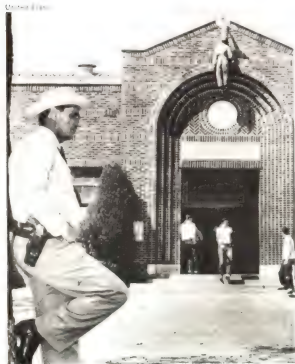
² In California a group of Indians had less luck, got a flat Department of Justice rejection of their claim that they own almost all of the land in the state.

NEWS IN PICTURES



SHOW OF FORCE by Kentucky National Guardsmen with M-47 tank helps restrain crowd on grounds of Sturgis High School

after nine Negroes entered building to begin classes. White students (rear) are being urged by crowd to leave the school.



SOLUTION POSTPONED: Negro effigy hangs above Mansfield school entrance as Texas Ranger watches for signs of trouble.



SOLUTION ENFORCED: Guardsmen's bayonets provide protection for Sturgis student on way home after school session.

THE SOUTH: FURY & PROGRESS

A LONG the fringes of the Deep South last week, the integration of white and Negro schools was going surprisingly well. The eight states of the Solid South were still solidly segregated, and for the most part sullenly determined to remain so. But Delaware, West Virginia and Missouri were on their way to complete integration. In Maryland, Kentucky and Oklahoma, many counties were quietly but firmly enforcing the desegregation law.

The achievement was overshadowed by noise and fury from a few trouble spots and troublemakers, who shamed and embarrassed their fellow Americans. In Texas 25,000 Negro schoolchildren were integrated without incident. But in the farm town of Mansfield, Negro students slated to enroll in the high school were scared off when whites hung a Negro dummy over the entrance. Governor Allan Shivers piously announced he would not use state police power "to shoot down or intimidate Texas citizens who are making orderly protest against [school desegregation.]" But in Clinton, Tenn., where Governor Frank Clement dispatched National Guardsmen to quell shouting, stone-throwing rioters, Negroes by week's end were still in mixed classrooms, and the guardsmen were beginning to leave. In western Kentucky armed mobs roamed through the mining towns of Sturgis and Clay, yelling for "nigger blood." But the mob quickly subsided in the face of tank-borne National Guardsmen sent by Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler, who declared they would stay there "as long as necessary."



TENNESSEE RIOTER in Oliver Springs, where violence spread from nearby Clinton, is searched by guardsmen after arrest with 14 others

TENNESSEE GUARDSMEN, with carbines and fixed bayonets, stand face to face with jeering anti-integration mob in Clinton

street. Troops and state highway patrolmen restored order in the town after two nights of rioting, climaxed by tear-gas battle



United Press

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

The Resiler

In London last week, cocktail-party pundits predicted: "Nasser or Eden out of power by October." At a Socialist rally in Caterham, the Labor Party's foreign-affairs spokesman, Alfred Robens, cried that if peaceful negotiations with Nasser failed, Anthony Eden "has no alternative but to resign." One lover of historical irony, harking back to Ethiopian War days of Eden the boy-wonder diplomat, announced that Eden was about to end his career as he began it, talking about sanctions that he can't deliver.

It was understandable why the conclusion-jumpers were so active. In the

a very broad band of British public opinion was genuinely and deeply angered by Nasser's seizure; any British spokesman using less than strong language would have been accused of not representing the true reaction of the nation.^a Secondly, urbane Sir Anthony has a temper grown sharper with the years, and Nasser's act touched off in him a flare of personal contempt for the Egyptian—not the contempt of a loftily bred Yorkshire gentleman for an upstart "wog," but the contempt of an order-loving, word-keeping diplomat for a disorderly, dishonorable dictator.

So it was not with trepidation but almost with eagerness that Eden summoned Parliament from vacation last week to

alienating, perhaps even losing. Britain and other allies. Now Eden can answer charges that his threats were empty bluffs by offering Parliament the "American excuse." To counter any clamor at Britain's humiliation by Egypt, Eden might well bare his breast to the foe, move to the brink of war, and then, upon anguished outcries from the U.S., refrain from fighting in order to save the Anglo-American alliance.

Far from being mere domestic expedience, the "American excuse" can serve the only promising Suez strategy left to Diplomats Eden—the strategy of procrastination. Some might call it "dithering," others "muddling through," but the Foreign Office likes to call it "resiling." The strict dictionary definition of "resile" is "draw back, recoil . . . return to its original position as an elastic body." In Foreign Office usage, however, resile means to appear elastic without actually budging from one's original position.

In the coming days, Eden will resile in several directions—with other diplomats in London, and probably in the debating halls of the U.N. His enemies are likely to conclude that Eden (and Britain) will never resort to force, even when all hope of any satisfactory negotiated settlement has clearly been exhausted. This could be an unsafe assumption. One purpose of resiling is to wait for one's antagonist to commit a blunder that weakens him, or a provocation that provides the resiler with a *casus belli*.

Because Veteran Resiler Eden did not quite mean what he said in the first flush of the Suez seizures does not guarantee that he did not mean what he said privately to Bulganin and Khrushchev during their London visit, and publicly three months ago: "Our country's industrial life . . . must depend for many years on oil supplies from the Middle East. If ever our oil resources were imperiled, we should be compelled to defend them."



SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN
A cool hand dithered ahead.

first angry days after Nasser's seizure of the Suez, Sir Anthony had talked tough. Last week, after a month and a half of inconclusive international consultations, culminating in the abortive Menzies mission to Cairo, Eden had softened. Now some of his fellow Tories demanded that he make good on his threats. On the other hand, the Labor Party, which represents roughly half the British population, was sharply opposed to the use of force against Egypt, pressed him to submit the case to the U.N.

Entrenched. But though his position seemed precarious, Sir Anthony Eden was in fact better entrenched in No. 10 Downing Street than most of his critics and mourners recognized. His Tory critics were of no mind to risk bringing him down at the cost of new elections, and there was no other Tory at hand to replace him. Furthermore, Sir Anthony's an-Edemish tone and temper during the first days of the crisis, and his subsequent softening, could be under-tood and accepted by many Britons. In the first place

face up to the Suez crisis in an emergency session, Eden's political hand was not bad, and only serious misplaying of it could bring him to personal disaster.

The "American Excuse." One of Eden's gravest problems was the resistance of the U.S. to any but peaceful means of settling the crisis. But if the resistance of the U.S. to force was a handicap, it was also a tool for agile Sir Anthony. During the Korean war, the Truman Administration employed with some success the "British excuse"—the argument that the U.S. could not engage in all-out war with Red China without

^a Moreover, the angry indignation of many Englishmen. Prime Minister W. K. Hoagland has noted continued mass English indignation.

^b "As the late Eden, under the medieval 'quod' . . . But 'dithering' is not something we can do. . . . It is a word to be avoided in a world of To do so, however, is to do so, the English flag cannot stand."

EUROPE

On to the Showdown

September has been a cruel month for modern Europe. In September 1938 there was Munich. In September 1939, World War II. In September 1940, the *Luftwaffe* and the Battle of Britain. Now another September had come and with it talk of war and a crisis pertinent to the survival of Britain and France as great powers.

In Europe last week there was far greater concern than in the U.S. that the Suez crisis might lead to shooting and war. The French were united as at no time since World War II in demanding Nasser's destruction and thereby, they hoped reversing the decay of their position in North Africa. The British, while speaking more softly, were moving divisions and insisting through stiffened upper lips on their right and need to fight as a last resort against the loss of their irreplaceable

strategic and material stake in the Middle East. As NATO met last week in Paris to contemplate the crisis that enfolds it by enfolded its two major European partners, Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, a peace-loving if fiery statesman, said roundly that in his view the British and French had no alternative to risking force if they wished to safeguard their vital interests.

Even those Western Europeans who shrank from the possible consequences of the British and French "precautionary measures" took the possibilities of war seriously. Bonn, averse to any interruption of West Germany's \$450 million trade with the Middle East, stood opposed to forceful action yet reported gloomily that the British and French seemed in dead earnest about closing in on Nasser. Italy sent Ambassador Giovanni Fornari flying to Cairo with an urgent appeal to Nasser to soften his stand, sweetened it with a hint of big Italian construction help (FIAT) on the Aswan Dam.

Outwardly, Egypt's Nasser and his countrymen acted as though they did not believe their antagonists' threats. In their hearts, however, they could not be sure that one misstep, one clumsy maneuver, even one ship accident in the Suez ("Remember the Maine!") would not bring on the guns of Britain and France.

It was in this ominous atmosphere that diplomacy still prevailed.

SUEZ

Deadlock in Cairo

The omens for diplomatic success were far from promising as the five-nation Menzies committee landed in Cairo. Within hours of arrival, Nasser's government locked up a fourth British businessman on charges of spying against Egypt. The British embassy announced that 1,400 nationals, including half its staff's dependents, had been evacuated from Egypt "because of the present grave situation." The Orient Line shifted three liners from the Suez route to sail the long way around the Cape of Good Hope. In a saber-rattling speech that old Socialist, France's Foreign Minister Christian Pineau, compared Nasser to Hitler and demanded "a very clear will to use force."

The Presidential Car. Nasser himself was courteous and smiling when the committee came to his modest Nileside office—"probably the only office in Cairo," said a reporter, "without a picture of Nasser." He seated his guests—Menzies, U.S. Career Ambassador Loy Henderson, Sweden's Foreign Minister Osten Unden, Iran's Foreign Minister Ali Gholi Ardalan and Ethiopia's Foreign Minister Ato Akilu Abte Wold—in armchairs round a blond mahogany table. To make the give-and-take as easy as possible, the group agreed to do without stenographers and to keep an absolute news blackout. Then Menzies, a tough Tory of the Churchillian school, launched into an explanation of the Dulles plan: let Egypt own the canal company but submit its operation to international control. When he and the com-

mittee left 70 minutes later, reporters asked how he felt. "Don't I look happy?" he countered. "As you see, I'm using the President's car. A good sign."

But next morning Nasser's newspaper *Al Gumburia* called Dulles' proposed internationalization "a 1936 term for piracy." At the meeting that evening Nasser took just 40 minutes to reject the plan, as he had said he would. He was candid, businesslike. "What is your problem?" he asked. "Freedom of navigation? I'm ready to discuss that. Tolls? I'm ready to discuss that. The British press charges I'm trying to build an empire? We can discuss that too if you want—but I will not discuss Egyptian sovereignty."

"Perhaps," Nasser continued, "you would like to discuss British fears that I'm going to cut their lifeline of empire? If I did that, it would mean war with Britain. Do you think I'm crazy enough to do

at a banquet in the lush tropical gardens of one of the ex-royal family's palaces. To the dismay of burly Bob Menzies, Australia's leading wine connoisseur, Moslem Nasser served only soft drinks with the dinner. (Soon he was not to care; like so many visitors to Egypt, Menzies came down with a case of "gyppy tummy.")

By Thursday all capitals had learned that the Cairo talks had reached an impasse. While the first of 2,500 French paratroopers and airmen disembarked in Cyprus, Sir Anthony Eden met with his Cabinet in London, summoned Parliament to a special sitting. Nasser told a visitor that the situation made him feel like Samson about to pull down the pillars. On Friday, the Moslem day of rest, he went off to sun with his family on a beach. That evening a Menzies press officer told newsmen that "the talks have come to a complete end," that the committee was going



FRENCH TROOPS ARRIVE IN CYPRUS
Bacchus gurgled along behind.

Peter Anderson—LIFE

that? And if I was so crazy how could the international board that you propose prevent me from doing it in any case?"

Menzies, unwilling to go beyond his mandate "to present and explain," argued only that Nasser would lose no sovereignty by delegating canal control to an international body. The Egyptian dictator was adamant. This turned out to be the decisive meeting. It lasted 100 minutes.

Under the Banyans. On Wednesday, as the British and French foreign ministers spelled out their policies at a NATO council meeting in Paris, the Suez committee sent Iran's Ali Ardalan to make another pitch to Nasser. "A lovely talk," was all the Iranian would say afterward. At his press conference in Washington President Eisenhower said: "The U.S. is committed to a peaceful solution of this [Suez] problem." When the Cairo negotiators met a fourth time, they debated 105 minutes before breaking up in futility. Menzies was reportedly refusing to talk about any Nasser counterproposals. Afterwards Nasser entertained the committee

home without further palaver. At the same time word leaked that committee members were bitterly angry at President Eisenhower for promising a "peaceful solution" in Suez at the exact moment when the committee thought the threat of force might have influenced Nasser.

Search for Compromise. That same day a dramatic switch took place in London. The British government began talking about taking the Suez dispute to the U.N. In Washington Secretary Dulles, though cool to a plan that could be so easily snarled by a Russian veto or by an endless debate, indicated that he might accept it as a device for keeping "moral pressure" on the Egyptian dictator. But the search for some formula that might break the deadlock went feverishly on in Washington, where, without bothering about the sacred protocol of presenting credentials, France's newly arrived Ambassador Hervé Alphand rushed from the airport to State Department consultations with Dulles. In Cairo the U.S.'s Loy Henderson, reportedly with the support of

the Iranian and Ethiopian representatives, pressed Menzies for one more try at compromise with Nasser. After a heart-searching discussion the committee agreed to ask Nasser for one more session. A new press officer announced that "the discussions have not yet reached their final stage and are still going on."

On the last day Menzies led his committee back into Nasser's office for a final 25-minute talk. Nothing changed. After handshakes all around and a smiling goodbye from Nasser, Menzies emerged to tell newsmen: "A communiqué will be issued which will not tell you anything besides the fact that the discussions have ended. Copies of the documents will be issued, and you will know as much as I know." With that the Prime Minister ordered his plane, flew back to report to Sir Anthony Eden in London, where the next phase of the Suez crisis began.

Men at the Helm

Two of the busiest men in West Germany last week were Egyptians. It was their job, in a desperate response to calls for help from Cairo, to comb the Kiel Canal and other German waterways in search of pilots skillful and experienced enough to guide a ship through the Suez. For the one thing Colonel Nasser cannot do without, if he is to run the canal successfully, is pilots. Any day now all but a handful of the pilots needed to keep boats moving may leave their jobs. If they do, and traffic piles up, a new and crucial phase of the Suez crisis may be at hand.

Few maritime jobs are more exacting or, under the right conditions, more rewarding, than that of a Suez pilot. The shifting, sandy banks and uncertain currents of the narrow (500 ft. at water level), man-made ditch are a constant menace to the free passage of the 40 or more ships that go through each day. To guide the ships safely through, the man at the helm must be familiar with every foot of bottom and bank, know every temperament of the current. In some parts of the Suez channel, a pilot may even have to turn his ship to the right in order to make it go left because of the strange effect of current and bottom on the vessel's own hull curvature. In addition, the Suez pilot must be familiar with the workings of virtually every type of vessel and must be able to issue orders in a babel ranging from Greek and Arabic to French and Norwegian. Under the canal's pre-Nasser bosses, a master's certificate backed by ten years' experience at sea were minimum requirements for a Suez pilot, and even then it took two years of apprenticeship on the canal to teach a new pilot the ropes and another ten to fit him for handling the biggest ships.

Full Pay. To keep the necessary roster of 250 pilots filled the company pays salaries of up to \$18,000 a year, offers generous bonuses for overtime, shares of the profits, liberal family allowances, special housing and schools and long paid vacations. Only about 40 of the 200-odd pilots now on the Suez roll are native Egyptians, and these were laid

on only because Nasser refused to grant visas to any more foreign pilots unless some of his own countrymen were put on the roster.

Inexperienced by comparison with their mates, the 40-odd Egyptians are far too few to keep the canal traffic moving. When Nasser took over six weeks ago, many of the other pilots (mostly French or English) were home on vacation. On the company's promise to continue them on full pay as long as the crisis lasted, many of them refused to report back for duty. Exhausted and disgusted at the extra work thrust upon them under Egyptian management, those that were still on duty seemed ready to quit at the drop of the company's hat. To keep the roster full Nasser has offered



SUEZ PILOT AT WORK
To go left, turn right.

the pilots fantastic salaries, had his emissaries in a score of countries place ads in newspapers, proselyte in person among canal and rivermen.

Down Tools. By this week applications had begun to flow in: 15 from Greece, 20 from France, 100 from the U.S., 20 from Red China, an unspecified number from Russia—but it was likely that many would not meet the requirements of the job, and the Egyptians could not be sure whether there will be jobs for them.

For the most part, the pilots still on duty at Suez are content to wait and see what the diplomats accomplish. "But," said one of them last week, "one thing is certain. If any of us are arrested for political reasons, we will all down tools."

CYPRUS

Buildup

Tension in Cyprus took a new turn last week when a grimy little two-stack transport flying the French tricolor put into Limassol harbor. Moody Cypriots stared with astonishment as 1,400 blue-bereted paratroopers and 1,300 airmen moved without armed protection towards the tent city hastily built for them by the

British near World War II Tymbou air base. If that did not give a clue to what was happening, the dispatch of another ship did. It was a 3,236-ton tanker named *Buchius*, and it gurgled toward Cyprus with a full cargo of wine. The French had arrived in force on Cyprus.

The French soldiers evidently thought that they were immune from the terrorist attacks that last week, after a brief armistice, erupted into a series of bombings and assassinations, resulting in the wounding of four British soldiers and the death of four civilians. Cypriot terrorism was still the main preoccupation of the British, whose troops traveled armed and only in groups. But the French acted like amiable sightseers and thought about the other business that had, ostensibly, brought them to Cyprus. "When do we leave for Egypt?" cried one cheerful French voice. That night, however, the *Tenez la Gauche* (Keep to the Left) and other road signs put up for the convenience of the French were torn down, and the next day EOKA gunmen fired on a French army truck. The French returned the fire.

By week's end the number of French combat troops on Cyprus was expected to be around 6,000. Added to the 25,000 professional British soldiers and airmen estimated to be on the island, this made a sizable striking force for airborne action should a lunge toward Suez or Cairo be ordered. The British maintained a tight security shutdown, and it was impossible for correspondents to judge the degree of activity at Akrotiri air base, Middle East headquarters of the Royal Air Force, which sits on an arid, dusty plain on the southernmost peninsula of the island. But at the east coast port of Famagusta ten ships were quietly and efficiently unloaded, their cargoes quickly moved out of the dock area. The French, less security-minded than the British, let it be known that a fleet of eight transports, with a capacity of 10,000 troops per trip, had been mobilized in Marseille and Algerian ports, while a task force of one cruiser and six destroyers was already at sea, escorting troop convoys from the Algerian port of Sidi-Ferruch to Cyprus.

Despite this activity, few soldiers on Cyprus seemed to expect action. Said a battle-seasoned British paratroop officer: "It's hard for us to tell out here, that's true, but I'd say the thinking is about ten to one against a war."

MIDDLE EAST

Cracks in the Bloc

The Arab world is really a lot of little worlds—nation-states, kingdoms, sheikdoms—and it is seamed and cross-stitched with special interests, jealousies, old feuds and odd alliances. It has never been monolithic and, in spite of Cairo's stout talk of united Arab backing for Strongman Nasser in the Suez crisis, it is not now.

There are telltale signs of fissures in Nasser's support. From Beirut last week came news that Jordan's young King Hussein is discreetly promoting a meeting with the Presidents of Lebanon and Syria



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to discuss how the small Arab states can assert their independence of Nasser's dominance. They must move cautiously because Nasser has reached behind them, via radio and other propaganda channels, to fan the nationalist enthusiasm of the people in the streets. More important, sober heads in the oil-hearing states of Iraq and Saudi Arabia have become profoundly worried by wild nationalist threats to blow up their pipelines, refineries and other installations. Should the West make a move to reclaim the Suez, Nor do King Feisal and King Saud take kindly to the way the Egyptians talk of Iraqi and Saudi oil as "Arab" oil that can be used as a lever in Nasser's fight against the West.

For the first time in years King Saud is dicker again with his Hashemite royal rival in Iraq; their common concern for oil royalties apparently brought them together. According to Cairo reports, King Feisal of Iraq last month suggested that the Saudi join forces with him in urging Nasser to compromise with the West. Saud replied that though Arabs must stand together behind Egypt there was a need for moderation. When Saud's Cairo spokesman, Sheikh Yussuf Yassin, broke this news to Nasser, Egypt's strongman found himself faced with a call for moderation from the interesting combination of his Saudi ally and his Iraqi enemy.

By the King's personal order, Saudi Arabia was the only Arab country which did not join last month's one-day general strike protesting the London conference. Apart from his anxiety for an assured oil income, the King apparently fears that the Suez crisis, war or no war, is bound to push Nasser closer to the Russians. It was in large part the hope of reducing Nasser's temptation to move into the Russian bear hug that inspired Saud's recent \$10 million emergency credit to the Egyptian government.

Though the cracks in Nasser's bloc exist, it would be a mistake to exaggerate them. Arab nationalism is a force to be reckoned with these days, and one the rest of the world can underestimate only at its own peril.

FRANCE

Sweet Sacrifice

From a mirrored salon in the ornate Hôtel Matignon, official residence of France's Premiers, mild-mannered Socialist Guy Mollet last week cried out to his countrymen: "I ask every Frenchman to do his duty, to subscribe for Algeria and for France!" In these heroic words Premier Mollet imposed a sweet wartime sacrifice on France's citizens—the moral obligation to do a good piece of business at government expense.

Two months ago, when he and his government finally began to face up to the fiscal problems (TIME, July 16) created by the then 20-month-old Algerian rebellion (now costing France \$2,000,000 a day), Mollet's logical inclination was to increase personal and corporate income taxes. At this direct challenge to the universal French conviction that a man's pri-

vate income is none of the government's business, virtually the entire National Assembly rose in revolt. Socialist Mollet, keenly aware that any effective tax increase would fall most heavily upon the low-income groups from which he derives his political support, did not fight very hard. The result: an agreement that the government would not raise income taxes until it had tried to finance Algerian war costs through a public loan.

Devised by Rube. True to his promise, Mollet last week made public the terms of a new \$429 million bond issue that might have been devised by Rube Goldberg. The new bonds will not only pay 5% interest annually—many stocks on the Paris Bourse pay less than 3%—but also carry a built-in hedge against inflation. If, when

finance a war without asking the French people to tighten their belts.

Guarded by Troops. Having launched his bond issue, harried Guy Mollet flew off to Algiers, presumably to discuss with French Minister Resident Robert Lacoste a scheme to offer rebellious Algeria "federalist status," i.e., a considerable degree of independence. Seven months ago, when Mollet appeared in Algeria to look for a "liberal" solution to the rebellion, die-hard French *colons* pelted him with banana peels and tomatoes. Last week, as he drove from the Algiers airport to Lacoste's summer palace, the Premier's route was lined with heavily armed French troops. This time the fear was not that the *colons* would throw tomatoes, but that Algerian terrorists would throw hand grenades.



INDONESIA'S SUKARNO IN MOSCOW GALLERY
For the freedomless, a strange word.

RUSSIA

Call Me Brother

Few of this year's foreign visitors to Washington have left behind so many favorable impressions as Indonesia's President Sukarno (TIME, May 28). On the next leg of his world tour, Sukarno turned his steps toward Moscow. Said Sukarno, no Red but Asia's top neutralist after Nehru: "I am not going to the Communist countries to seek a state of mind. I already know the Marxist state of mind. I am going to see whether or not they have carried out their ideals."

From Leningrad to Baku, the Russians rolled out their flouziest Red carpets last week and strove to outdo the welcome extended to Sukarno by the U.S. Jet fighters escorted Sukarno's plane. Guards of honor and equally well-drilled cheering multitudes greeted him at airports with bunting and banners. At a meeting of Leningrad engineering workers, who offered to help industrialize Indonesia, Sukarno, himself an engineer (Bandung Technical Institute), let his emotion

the bonds come up for redemption—the last of them will mature in 1971—average stock prices on the Bourse have increased, the face value of the bonds will be increased proportionately. A fall in stock prices, however, will not reduce their redemption value below par. Oddest provision of all: if the public fails to buy up the issue, the government threatens to increase tax rates enough to make up the difference. In that case, citizens who have bought bonds will be allowed to turn them in as payment on the new taxes.

Mollet's public loan seems to be straight fiscal poison for France. In interest charges alone the new bonds will cost the government \$2,100,000 next year, and, given continued inflation, their redemption could prove a ruinous burden on the government of 1971. (Had a similar loan been floated in 1949, the government would now be obliged to pay out \$250 for every \$100 worth of bonds originally issued.) Worse yet, the \$429 million which the loan is expected to raise will pay for only about five months of fighting in Algeria. Then, if the rebellion has not been settled, France's economic prestidigitators will be faced with an aggravated version of their original problem—how to

* With Russian museumgoers and nondescript museum guard.

overflow: "My heart brims with love and gratitude. I beg you not to address me as . . . Your Excellency. I beg you to call me *Bung Karno* [Brother Karno]."

Comparing the Bolshevik Revolution with his countrymen's own 1949 revolt against the Dutch, Sukarno plugged for Soviet support in his aim to add West New Guinea to his fledgling republic. "In Indonesia," he told the engineers, "the revolutionaries . . . greet each other with the cry of *merdeka*, which means freedom . . . I ask you now to join me in exclaiming *merdeka* five times." Dutifully the freedomless Russians roared the strange new word. And from then on it was the vociferous cheer of welcome for the sprightly visitor from southern Asia.

Fed in the Great Kremlin Palace by top Soviet leaders, treated to fireworks displays and riverboat excursions, exposed to agricultural and industrial exhibitions, loaded with honorary degrees at Moscow University, the beaming Indonesian President responded feigningly: "We shall continue to struggle and to make the whole world free from capitalism and colonialism." Later at Tashkent, under a shower of roses, he cried: "The friendship of the Soviet and Indonesian peoples is a friendship of fighters . . . The idea of coexistence will develop unceasingly."

All in all, guest and host seemed to be finding much common ground. But at Tashkent, an area where the Moslem faith has been rigorously suppressed by the Communists, Moslem Sukarno gave his favorite catchword a sharp twist. Pointing out that the first of the five principles of the Asian *Panch Shila*, upon which the Indonesian state is founded, calls for belief in God and respect for all religions, Sukarno cut short his address so that Moslems present could attend evening prayer. Said he: "I say *salaam aleikum* (peace be with you). I close with *merdeka*, *merdeka* and once more *merdeka*."

To Western observers, who feared to see Indonesia's Sukarno sucked into the Soviet propaganda stream, it was a somewhat reassuring suggestion that, though a brother, he was not a comrade.

The Shake-Up

On the destalinization front Moscow announced two developments last week: ¶ The international Stalin Prizes "for strengthening peace among nations" (\$25,000 and a gold medal) will henceforth be called "Lenin Prizes for Strengthening International Friendship." Even previous Stalin Prizewinners (e.g., U.S. Novelist Howard Fast, 1953; Italian Left Wing Socialist Pietro Nenni, 1951) will receive certificates renaming their awards. ¶ U.S. Newspaperman John Reed's *Ten Days that Shook the World*, long banned in the Soviet Union, presumably on personal order of Joseph Stalin, was restored to the index of approved reading. Reed's enthusiastic eyewitness account of the Bolshevik Revolution (on his death in Moscow in 1920 the Bolsheviks gave him a hero's burial in the Kremlin wall) omits all mention of the role played by the then obscure Stalin.



PAKISTAN'S MOHAMAD ALI
A new attack from the east.

PAKISTAN

The Scrimmage

"In this country," said one Pakistani not long ago, "politics is not a race. It's a scrimmage." Last week the scrimmage in Pakistan got so heated that nobody, including the players, was quite sure who had the ball.

The trouble started in East Pakistan, the tropical province separated from the rest of Pakistan by nearly 1,000 miles of Indian territory. Early last week thousands of angry peasants poured into the East Pakistan capital of Dacca to protest against persistent food shortages that have almost doubled the price of rice in the last two months. When the crowd

swelled to 15,000, Dacca's police opened fire "in self-defense." The riots kept on for two days, and finally, after five rioters had been killed and two leading politicians smeared with filth by the mob, East Pakistan's nervous Governor Fazlul Huk gave in and asked the rabble-raising Awami League Party to form a new provincial government.

Rule of East Pakistan by the Awami League, which wants Pakistan to switch to a neutralist foreign policy, carried unpleasant implications for the U.S., which considers Pakistan its most reliable ally on the Asian continent. It also posed a considerably more immediate threat to Prime Minister Mohamad Ali. 51, the lean financial expert who has led Pakistan's central government for 13 turbulent months. In the last two years Pakistani politicians have taken to switching parties with all the abandon of a woman trying on hats; and it was now almost certain that a number of East Pakistan members of the National Assembly, their eyes fixed on the main chance, would soon switch their allegiance to the Awami League, which has been in bitter opposition to Ali.

Even without this flank attack, however, Ali's position was untenable. On the same day that the Awami League took over East Pakistan, two of Ali's central government ministers deserted his Moslem League Party, leaving the league with only eleven out of 80 seats in the National Assembly. To make matters worse, the Moslem League itself was talking of expelling Ali on the grounds that he had been dealing over-enthusiastically with other parties in the coalition on which his government depends.

Late last week, protesting bitterly at "the campaign of vilification and slander against me," Ali resigned both the premiership and his membership in the Moslem League. Pakistan President Iskander Mirza, announcing that he wanted time to review the play up to that point, asked Ali to remain on the job temporarily. At week's end Mirza was still deep in review and looking for a hall carrier.

AFGHANISTAN

Toward the Khyber

From the time of Alexander the Great, the road to Indian conquest has led down from the north through the Khyber Pass. To keep the encroaching Russians away from this gateway to their empire, the British built up the buffer state of Afghanistan across the Khyber's mountainous northern approaches. Last week, only nine years after the British turned over the Khyber's defenses to the new and troubled state of Pakistan, the long-feared penetration of Russian military influence into Afghanistan was announced as a fact. In Kabul, Afghanistan's Strongman Mohammed Daoud Khan, who last winter accepted a \$500 million economic credit from the touring Soviet twins, Bulganin and Khrushchev, announced that his government had signed an agreement with the Soviet Union "for strengthening Afghanistan's defenses." The whole deal,



AFGHANISTAN'S MOHAMMED DAUD KHAN
An old thrust from the north.



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he added, was made "without any political strings attached."

Before signing, the Afghans had made a try at buying arms from the West. But the U.S. knows that its ally Pakistan would object violently if it sold arms to a neighbor that claims a lot of its territory, including the Khyber Pass itself. Besides, the U.S. has not taken kindly to Afghanistan's flirtations with the Communists. Already, Afghanistan's debt to Soviet Russia tops \$120 million—quite a load for a country with a \$25 million budget—and the latest deal will drive the figure higher.

Well on their way to killing their neighbors with kindness, the Russians have built several huge grain elevators, a flour mill, an automatic bakery that can supply all Kabul with baked goods. Almost every drop of gasoline used in the country now flows down from the north in caravans of 20 to 20 Russian gas trucks to sell for a giveaway 25¢ a gallon in Kabul. Exports

individual output "norms." Last week in Rumania the abnormal norms of Stakhanovite Lathe Operator Constantin Vasilache established what ought to be a Stakhanovite record for all satelliteland. In August, it was announced, Hero of Socialist Labor Vasilache turned out work equal to six times his norm every day. Vasilache totted up past performances and reported proudly in *Rominia Libera*: "Thanks to these accomplishments, I was able to start work on my quota for the year 2010."

GREECE

Rebuilt Shed

The gods who controlled the destinies of ancient Athens were enshrined on the high hill called the Acropolis, but the common people who made the city truly immortal were content to congregate just below, in a vast marketplace known as

gave no hint of past glories. In 1922, with the help of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, the Greek government decided to do something about it. It took nearly a decade to complete the necessary arrangements, and the work once begun, was interrupted by war. But by 1936, with the help of American money—\$1,115,000, most of it donated by John D. Rockefeller Jr.—the excavation and exploration of the Agora was seriously under way.

In the midst of it, one of the archaeologists in charge suggested, almost as a joke, that it might be nice, while they were at it, to reconstruct the Stoa of Attalus in its entirety, as a kind of museum to house whatever relics might be found. The idea caught on like wildfire, and once again Mr. Rockefeller offered to match with one of his own every dollar raised to complete the project.

Architects drew up plans based on the findings of the archaeologists. Limestone and marble were brought in from the quarries at Piraeus and Mt. Pentelikon that had supplied materials for the original building. Even the clay for the new roof tiles was dredged from the same clay beds on the outskirts of Athens. Only in the heart of the building (where they could not be seen) were new materials, such as reinforced concrete, used to give added strength.

One Sour Note. Last week the newly reconstructed Stoa of Attalus stood completed, its 92 marble pillars gleaming with unaccustomed whiteness beneath the clear blue Athenian sky. A bevy of American and Greek scholars, statesmen and other dignitaries, including King Paul and his pert, pretty Queen Frederika, gathered at the site to dedicate the rebuilt remembrance of the past. And in all the polite and grateful words spoken, there was only one sour note. Greek Professor Anastasios Orlandos, his nation's highest authority on ancient monuments, was unable to attend, but he sent a note of dissent.

The new Stoa is not a restoration at all, but just a reconstruction. He gruffed, and the gleaming white of its new columns makes an ugly contrast with the weathered beauty of the marbles on the ancient buildings. He asked to have either the white colonnade of the Stoa colored or the Agora covered with green trees, disagreed with the "functionalistic American's" plan to use the Stoa as a museum. Many of the Greeks gathered at the old birthplace of free speech shuddered at their professor's breach of form, but American Professor John L. Caskey, head of the American school, took it in stride. "Everyone," he said stoically, "is entitled to his opinion."

JAPAN

Abortion

In Japan, where abortion is the recognized method of birth control, the Welfare Ministry reported last week that in 1952 there were 1,170,145 legal abortions and 1,727,040 births—about two abortions for every three births.



THE NEW STOA OF ATTALUS
Out of a crumbling ruin, unweathered beauty.

(furs, fruit, carpets) that used to stop and go at the Khyber Pass with every Pakistani whom now travel north to more certain Soviet markets. U.S. officials estimate that there are already several thousand Soviet do-gooders spreading their blessings in Afghanistan. Last week Kabul's only modern hotel was jammed with members of the 200-man Russian delegation to the city's international trade fair (the U.S. sent three representatives). So benevolent are the Russians that they are not only building and improving roads from their border to the capital, they are also at work on the road that leads from Kabul to the Khyber Pass.

RUMANIA

Early Bird

When Communists want to speed production in their factories, they swing a spotlight onto especially eager workers—called Stakhanovites, whose example sets the pace for higher production targets and

the Agora. There, in 25 crowded acres which served them as a combination shopping center and community forum, the free and free-speaking people of Athens pursued a favorite pastime which consisted, in the words of St. Paul, of "nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." A favorite meeting place in the ancient Agora was the huge and handsome Stoa of Attalus, a shedlike structure of classic, colonnaded beauty which was presented to the city by Attalus, King of Pergamum, in gratitude for the lessons learned in Athens in his student days.

Young Shantytown. In 267 A.D., some 400 years after its construction, the Stoa, like most of Athens, was razed to a crumbling ruin of broken marble and ashes by invading hordes of Herulian barbarians from the north. During the 15-odd centuries that followed, its remains were lost beneath the accumulation of ages and the once lively Agora itself became a depressing shantytown whose drab life



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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

No Election This Year

Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent interrupted his vacation last week to put in a few days at his Ottawa desk. To a newsman's familiar question, he gave a frank answer: the government has no plans to call an election this year. Most Ottawa politicians are now convinced that the government will go to the people next June. By then, the long-delayed Trans-Canada gas pipeline should be operating, thus eliminating one potentially damaging campaign issue, and if revenues continue high, the government may also be able to cut taxes just before election time.

VENEZUELA

Come & Get It

Almost every day this month, the Venezuelan government's ordinarily dry *Gaceta Oficial* has been publishing a flood of mouth-watering news. For the first time in eleven years, and for fabulous sums, the government is selling off new oil concessions, some from the rich, crude-soaked national reserves.

Under the 50-50 provisions of Venezuela's pattern-setting oil law of 1943 and subsequent legislation, foreign oilmen, once they are in production, must pay at least half of their profits to the Venezuelan treasury. But to get concessions in the first place, they must make bids, offering what the law calls "special advantages" to Venezuela, e.g., guarantees to refine more oil in Venezuela, bonuses of plain cash. The bidders, for the most part big foreign oil companies, have generally chosen to pay cash. The government has recently collected, or is about to collect, a cool \$310 million for 720,000 acres of concessions. Item:

¶ Creole Petroleum Corp., a Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) affiliate and Venezuela's biggest producer, bought 24,700 acres of underwater concessions in Lake Maracaibo, where a saucer of water lies over what seems to be an ocean of oil. Creole also

took on 98,800 acres of exploration concessions in lands of still unproved value. Total cost: \$25 million.

¶ Royal Dutch-Shell got 50,400 acres of lake concessions, plus 98,800 acres of exploration concessions. The company paid as much as \$2,500 an acre for the choicest lake-bottom. Total cost: \$65 million.

¶ Mene Grande Oil Co., a Gulf Oil Corp. subsidiary, got 126,600 acres of lake concessions and 98,800 acres of exploration areas. Cost: \$121 million.

¶ Signal Oil & Gas Co. of Delaware, Superior Oil Co. of California, Sun Oil Co. of New Jersey and other U.S. firms in various combinations got 108,000 acres in lake concessions and 74,100 acres for exploration. Cost: \$79 million.

¶ Venezuelan-American Independent, a new company, popped up with 24,700 acres in the lake. Cost: \$20 million.

The national reserve concessions were said by oilmen to be "money in the bank." Others, although they lay in about 100 ft. of water and 20 or to miles out from the present forest of more than 2,000 derricks that stud the lake's north-eastern shallows, were highly promising. But the exploration areas that in most cases came packaged with the exploitation concessions were not so much ready wealth as they were another "special advantage" for Venezuela. One reason for suddenly selling new concessions after a dried-up decade is that Venezuela needs to get outlying regions explored.

But the major reason is that the strong-arm government of President Marcos Pérez Jiménez, bent on buying popularity through a spectacular splurge in roads, schools and public housing, is pouring out even more than its whopping oil income of about \$600 million a year. Selling new concessions is a way to get plenty of quick cash. With oilmen flying south on nearly every plane, and with the likes of Texas' Multimillionaire Wheeler-Dealer Clint Murchison settling down in Caracas' Hotel Tamanaco, the *Gaceta Oficial* will probably print a lot more exciting news in coming months.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news.

Cinematress **Marilyn Monroe** demonstrated that whether ambling down a street or lying flat on her back, she is bound to cause talk. It happened when Marilyn, normally in admirable shape, stayed away from the London set of *The Sleeping Prince* for a few days and word got around that a gynecologist had gone to see her. Instantaneously, England's press corps, abetted by its American peers, jumped to the conclusion that Marilyn was expecting a baby. Not so. Racing back to his bride from a brief visit to the U.S., playwright **Arthur Miller** pooh-poohed the baby talk. "Absolute rubbish!" cried he. "I would know if my wife were expecting a baby. She is ill with gastritis, that's all. She often gets a tummy ache when she's making a new film."

A long-playing RCA Victor record, *The President's Favorite Music*, went on sale with **Mamie** and **Ike** smiling happily at buyers from the cover of the album. The President's musical taste: eclectic. Its range: from Johann Sebastian Bach's *We All Believe in One God to Do Not Forsake Me*, theme song of the movie *High Noon*.

Helen Gahagan Douglas, onetime actress and San Francisco Opera Company diva before she became a three-term (1945-51) Democratic Representative from California, said she was returning to her first love, would give a Manhattan song recital at the end of the month.

After four rivals withdrew, big (200 lbs.) popular **Wilbur C. ("Dan") Daniel**, 42, a Danville, Va. textile executive, was



LEGION COMMANDER DANIEL
Brief encounter.

elected commander of the American Legion for 1957. Daniel's military record: 88 days of service at naval training in 1944 terminated by a medical discharge.

Back in Manhattan after a holiday in Europe, Broadway's youngest (18) star, **Susan Strasberg**, returned to the title role in *The Diary of Anne Frank* before quitting Broadway for the starring role (and at least \$75,000) in RKO's *Stage-struck*, a remake of *Morning Glory*, which established the stardom 23 years ago of Cinematress Katharine Hepburn.

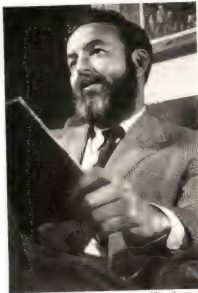
In Atlantic City, before 22,000 rapt spectators, an annual rite was performed. After a select group of American beauties had paraded their assets for all to assay, South Carolina's blonde, blue-eyed Marian



MISS AMERICA OF 1957
Short sob.

Ann McKnight, 19 (assets: 35-23-35½; dividend: a singing imitation of Marilyn Monroe), was handed a queenly scepter and crowned **Miss America of 1957**. After sobbing a moment, but not at the thought that her title will net her close to \$75,000, the queen threw her head back and said: "Who would have thought this could happen to me?"

Bearded **Randall Jarrell**, new consultant in English poetry at the Library of Congress, and something of a poet himself (Tues. April 26, 1948), announced that a mechanical contrivance—the high-fidelity phonograph—has brought poetry back into American life. Suggesting that **Edna St. Vincent Millay** was the last contemporary poet to be read by young men to young women in canoes, Jarrell quickly added: "I'll bet that last night hundreds of young men were playing **Dylan Thomas** to hundreds of girls in Greenwich Vil-



POET JARRELL
Fleecy rhythms

lage." Jarrell also insisted: "Most modern poetry isn't modern any more. The new poets scan. They have rhyme and rhythm. The idea that they are wild and woolly is no longer true. Today the young poets are tame and fleecy."

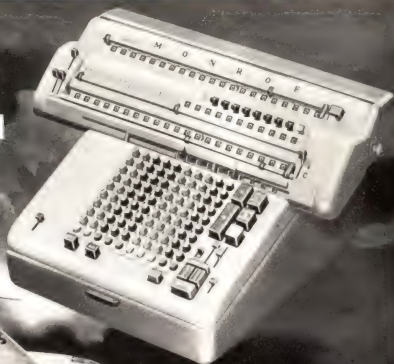
TV Star **Bess Myerson**, Miss America of 1945, played a real-life role in two acts. In Act I she appeared in a Manhattan court to fight her handsome husband for the custody of their nine-year-old daughter Barbara, who sat on a bench between them, kissing both impartially and seeming not to notice that her parents would not look at each other. In Act II Bess got custody of her ponytailed daughter, but with the father's visitation rights still undetermined. The judge cautioned the parents "not to fight to the last drop of the child's blood because of a disagreement between themselves."

A father two years ago at 75, France's vigorous, diminutive wartime Premier **Paul Reynaud**, who has tried most means of locomotion, from balloons to submarines, and many forms of sport, experimented at 77 off Saint-Tropez with a combination of both: water skiing.

Announcing that her health was even better than a year ago, that she had kept out of trouble by keeping busy finishing 25 oils, famed American Painter Mrs. Anna Mary Robertson ("**Grandma**") **Moses**, with the help of two sons, eight grandchildren and two dozen great-grandchildren, celebrated her 96th birthday, confident that she would live to be 100, in her home at Eagle Bridge, N.Y.

Soon after Widower **Bing Crosby**, 52, Hollywood's richest (reportedly \$15 million) bachelor, requested and was granted by Columbia Pictures the release of his friend Cinematress **Kathy Granger**.

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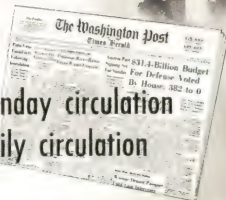
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from a movie role, the rumor blazed through Hollywood that they would be married. "Nothing to it," snapped Bing. "I'm not planning to get married to Miss Grant or anybody else. Also I'm getting fed up with rumor stories."

In Manhattan, Cinemactress **Elizabeth Taylor**, 24, was seen about town on the arm of cigar-chomping Producer **Mike Todd**. Asked what her intentions were Liz heaved a mighty sigh and panted. "I love Mike. I love him passionately." This reminded some listeners that before she left for Italy to make a movie, **Marlene Dietrich** used to murmur in a more continental accent. "I love to cook for Mike. I love to cook him sauerkraut." At the



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

It was the one before that hurt.

Stork Club, when Mike refused to be photographed with Liz, she posed alone, looking demure in a Grecian gown. In London, meanwhile, friends of Liz's second husband, British Cinemactor **Michael Wilding**, from whom she is separated, said a divorce was being planned. "It isn't the Todd romance that hurt Wilding," they commented. "It's the one before it."

Bushy-bearded Bachelor **George Holden Tinkham**, unreconstructed Republican Congressman from Massachusetts who died last month at 57 after valiantly though unsuccessfully battling child-labor reform, left \$2,000,000 to the Judge Baker Child Guidance Center in Boston, the largest single grant ever given to any organization dedicated to child psychology.

Asked if he considered it possible that he would ever again play a role in American politics, **Earl Browder**, 65, head of the Communist Party, U.S.A., during its 14 most powerful years (1931-45), drew thoughtfully on his pipe and replied "Realistically, there are no grounds on which anyone could base such a prediction."

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SCIENCE

A Visit with Mars

The planet Mars was bigger, brighter, and closer to the earth last week than it has been in 32 years. On Sept. 7 it passed within 35,200,000 miles. Not until 1971 will it come so close again.

The earth, moving faster on its smaller orbit, overtakes and passes Mars every 26 months, but the distance of closest approach varies considerably because both orbits are slightly elliptical, with their long axes pointing in different directions (see diagram). The earth may overtake Mars at a point where the orbits are close together, as they are this week, or where they are almost twice as far apart.

For both astronomers and science-fiction writers, Mars is the king of planets. Its atmosphere is dense enough to make life possible, but not so dense that it hides the surface, as does the cloudy white atmosphere of Venus. There is water on Mars—not much, but some. Thin winds carry clouds of several types. The color of the surface changes blotchily with the seasons as if vegetation were growing. There is a wealth of fine detail just at the threshold of vision, but even the best astronomical instruments have not been able so far to take photographs of it. Some astronomers say they see the famous "canals," some see streaky, irregular lines; others see little that is definite. They all agree that something complex and interesting exists on Mars, but they do not know what it is.

New Tricks. Mars came fairly close in 1954, but it could be observed effectively only from the earth's Southern Hemisphere, where observatories are few. So 1954 was a kind of dress rehearsal for this year's event. Astronomers have devised new tricks and instruments. Much of their equipment has improved materially in the last few years. Photographic films are faster and finer-grained. They may have improved enough to get a photographic record of the fleeting Martian details that visual observers believe they have seen. If plain telescopic photography does not succeed, one of the several electronic devices that amplify light may do the trick.

Even if the astronomers do not get better pictures of Mars, they will surely learn new facts about it. Such fast-improving devices as the infra-red spectrometer will tell new details about the composition of the Martian atmosphere.

Yellow Planet. As Mars drew close last week, even laymen noticed that it looked hardly he called red. This time it looked definitely yellow. One reason for this, reported astronomers from Japan to Texas, was a gigantic, yellow dust cloud, presumably raised by unusual turbulence in the Martian atmosphere. It was first seen by Japanese astronomers in the middle of August. Later it spread until it obscured much of the planet's surface, making all observation difficult.

Astronomer Gerard P. Kuiper at the

University of Chicago, working at the McDonald Observatory, Texas, reported another color change on Mars. Its dark areas, which are generally supposed to be some sort of vegetation, are unusually drab this year. They are neutral grey, instead of the dull green that he had expected.

The dust will presumably settle before Mars gets too far away for good observation. For another month at least its distance will not increase enough to make any appreciable difference. The astronomers, however, cannot report all their

changes of properties that keep the apparatus from doing its job.

Titanium for Heat. G.E.'s heatproofers attacked their problem bit by bit. Since copper and aluminum fail at high temperatures, they turned to titanium and corrosion-resistant alloys. They learned how to coat wires with ceramic insulation. They made condensers out of fused aluminum oxide. In vacuum tubes they used titanium and ceramics instead of copper and glass.

In some ways the heatproof tubes work better than ordinary tubes. When operating red-hot, they need no electrically heated filament; their cathodes are hot enough to give off plenty of electrons. The hot

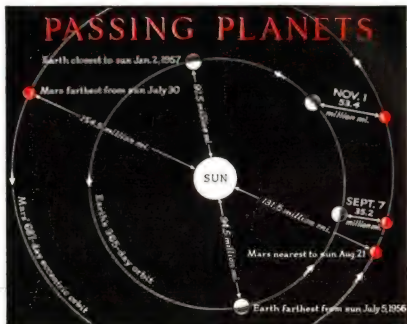


Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

findings immediately. They will need much time for study and coming to conclusions. In fact, the public may not get the latest news from Mars until the formal meeting of the International Mars Committee in June 1957.

The Heat-Resisters

The friction-heated cockpit of a high-speed airplane has to be cooled elaborately to keep the pilot alive. If the pilot is taken out, and the craft becomes an unmanned missile, its interior must still be cooled to keep its electronic brain from dying of heat prostration. So, decided General Electric Co., heatproof electronic components should prove useful in the missile business. This week, after years of work, it showed whole electronic assemblies working efficiently, though red-hot in a glowing electric furnace.

Ordinary electronic equipment is prostrated by the temperature of boiling water (212° F.). As the temperature rises, rubber and plastic insulation melts, chars or burns. Glass softens and loses its insulating power. Metals oxidize or melt. Even without such drastic damage, heat causes

titanium inside them acts as a "getter," sweeping up any stray gases that might impair the vacuum.

G.E.'s collection now includes a photograph amplifier that works well and loudly in a furnace at 1,500° F., where an ordinary assembly of the same type turns into a puddle of molten glass and metal.

Radiation Resistance. While working on the heat-resistant components, G.E. scientists found that materials unaffected by heat can often stand atomic radiation, too. So they finally came up with a set of gadgets that ignores neutrons and gamma rays. Two of their assemblies, enclosed in a heated capsule at 545° F., spent 1,000 hours in the heart of the Oak Ridge nuclear reactor. They worked all the time, affected neither by the heat nor by the storm of radiation.

Heat-resistant electronics will be most useful at first in guided missiles, where heat is generated both internally and by air friction. In many cases, they will eliminate heavy and complicated cooling apparatus. When nuclear airplanes come into the picture, the new electronics will brave heat and radiation close to the

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power reactors. Only the crew will have to be cooled and shielded.

Another use will be in "Big Brother" reconnaissance satellites now in the planning stage. If they get electricity from working their television transmitters from small nuclear reactors, as has been proposed, they will need radiation-resistant tubes. Every gram of weight counts on a satellite. Big Brother will have no grams to spare for heavy shielding.

Birth of an Island

Britons sometimes like to forget that their proud island was once a mere peninsula of the European continent—a condition that, as geologists figure it, ceased only a short time ago. Dr. Harold Godwin of Cambridge has now estimated within a few centuries the date when the friendly sea broke through to form the English Channel and give Britain its freedom. It was 5000 B.C., says Dr. Godwin.

Dr. Godwin is a specialist in phytogeography, which means that he studies remains of ancient plants with an eye to what they tell about ancient climate and geography. His favorite haunts are peat beds, where plant material is often preserved so well that the species can be identified easily after many thousand years. Pollen grains are especially useful. Birch pollen found at a certain level of an ancient peat bed is proof that the climate was cold when the peat was formed. If the peat is dated by its carbon 14 content, the actual age of the cold period can be determined.

Ten thousand years ago, says Dr. Godwin, the last remnants of the Pleistocene glacier held out in the higher mountains of northern Britain. Plant remains of this date show that the country was open, arctic tundra with scattered patches of silver birch. Sea level was much lower. Peat dredged from the bottom of the North Sea shows that the southern two-thirds of its basin was filled by a chilly swamp connecting Britain with the continent, from Denmark to France.

After 8000 B.C., the climate grew steadily warmer, melting the remnants of ice. Warmth-demanding plants (e.g., oak, elm and alder) invaded the Britanic Peninsula. New animals and new tribes of men trooped across the marshes. The climate was probably almost as warm as today. "A bit chillier," hazards Dr. Godwin. "A bit, but not a lot."

As the climate grew still warmer, it melted much bigger masses of ice in Siberia and North America. The water released raised the sea level, and the Atlantic Ocean ate its way southward over the "Dogealand" in the basin of the North Sea. By examining peat from the sea bottom, Dr. Godwin can tell the date when the salt water flowed over each bed.

The process of making Britain an island took several thousand years, but by 5000 B.C. (about the time of man's first agriculture, in the Middle East) the English Channel had connected with the North Sea. From then on, no intruder—plant, animal or human—invaded England by dry land.

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Electronic Stumping

The two major political parties this week will kick off the biggest, costliest, best-organized TV political campaign in history. Long before the conventions decided on the candidates, Republicans and Democrats retained three ad agencies and took options on some \$4,500,000 worth of fall radio-TV time (three times the 1948 costs). There will be far less whistle-stopping and fewer talks with local bosses, now that TV is out of the bush league of politicking. Items:

¶ Democrats are forking out about ten times as much money on radio-TV as on

1000 Negro voters who might swing to Eisenhower).

¶ Stevenson last week completed seven canned five-minute TV spots for a series called *The Man from Libertyville*, which for three days turned his farm into a studio. When a 20-man film team arrived with a 3,000-lb. dolly, he complained: "That crew is much too large. How do you expect me to act folksy in front of so many people?" (Next day the crew was halved.) Before the cameras without benefit of script, Stevenson pored over mail in his study, chatted with his pretty, pregnant daughter-in-law Nancy and a somber Adlai Jr. ("We don't want our



Lewis & Morlin Films, Inc.

CANDIDATE STEVENSON & TV CREW AT LIBERTYVILLE
Acting folksy was a problem.

all other media combined. They have budgeted \$1,600,000 for TV time, about \$500,000 for radio—total \$2,100,000. Republicans will spend some \$2,200,000 for air time, 80% of it on TV.

¶ Democrats have scheduled eight half-hour shows and some 90 five-minute spots, most of which will be sandwiched between regular shows on the cheaper daytime slots. By intensive barnstorming, Democrats also hope to pick up plenty of free newscast coverage. The G.O.P. will run 15 half-hour shows, 14 five-minute shorts (all at night), has bought a solid hour on all three networks on election eve for a final go-out-and-vote speech by Ike.

¶ Democrats will attempt a fairly sustained radio-TV pitch throughout this month and next. Republicans will start slowly, intensifying their campaign coverage in the three final pre-election weeks. This week the Democrats will experiment with saturation broadcasting: they will put Adlai Stevenson's Harrisburg, Pa. oration over all three networks and some 1,800 "blind" area stations. The G.O.P., understandably, is picking its stations buying little time in the South (one exception: North Carolina, which has 17% of

boys going to Korea as you did," says Dad) picnicked on the lawn with ex-Mayor of Philadelphia Joseph Clark, trundled a huge bag of groceries (packed mostly with wadded paper) from his car to the front porch, where he sat down, delivered a homespun talk on the high cost of living, ending with Nancy arriving to reclaim the forgotten groceries ("You were a big help, Guv'!"), bantered farm problems over the back fence with Estes Kefauver, cavorted about a well-clipped lawn with his dog Muldoon (who chewed the lapel off a soundman's jacket). Said Film-Maker Herschell Lewis: "The attempt is to make the viewer realize that Stevenson is actually like the guy next door."

¶ G.O.P. campaigners have mapped out flexible TV strategy for the top candidates. Committeemen say Ike's short studio address next week will be the first of only "five or six" televised speeches. But, as Ike himself pointed out last week, there are "a number of invitations you have to consider," and so far his TV plans have not firmed up. Early next month Nixon will make his first national telecast, reporting on his upcoming swing through 32 states.

And Away We Go

Television networks will throw around more money this fall and winter than ever before, put on more spectaculars, more color, more old movies (\$50 million worth) than have ever been seen. It will, quite obviously, be the biggest season to date. A sampling of shows to come:

ABC will put on a nighttime version of *Omibus*, the best of the highbrow shows, which moved over from CBS. Programs include a re-creation of the Battle of Gettysburg as directed by Delbert (Marty) Mann and a look at the history of U.S. musical comedy through the eyes, ears and expressive hands of Leonard Bernstein. *Disneyland* will document "The Great Cat Family" with an all-animated cartoon, make a study of the atom and recount man's efforts to fly. Disney will also launch a TV spectacular called *Johnny Tremain*, about "events" leading up to the American Revolution. *Afternoon Film Festival* and *Famous Film Festival* will serve up 46 J. Arthur Rank films never seen on TV, including *Hamlet*, *A Queen Is Crowned*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Hungry Hill*.

CBS's upcoming specialties will be topped by Rodgers and Hammerstein's first TV original: a 90-minute musical collaboration on *Cinderella*, starring Julie (My Fair Lady) Andrews. *Ford Star Jubilee* will hire Cole Porter, Shirley Jones, Gordon MacRae, Dorothy Dandridge, Dolores Gray, George Sanders, Louis Armstrong to salute Composer Porter's 40 years of songwriting. *Ford* will also adapt Sidney King's *Men in White* and showcase M-G-M's *The Wizard of Oz*. Ed Murrow's *See It Now* will include cathode reports from the Suez, Asia, Russia and South America, and a 13-hr. documentary of Buffoon Danny Kaye's 32,000-mile junket for the U.N.'s Children's Emergency Fund. *Martin Mullin's Playhouse* oo, the chain's most ambitious drama project, offers adaptations of *Charley's Aunt*, Kay Thompson's *Eloise*, J. P. Marquand's *Sincerely*, Willis Wayde, and Shirley Booth in *The Perle Mesta Story*. Jack Benny returns this month from a successful BBC stint loaded with film shot in Europe (including a Paris show with Benny and Maurice Chevalier). In November the U.S. Air Force joins forces with CBS Public Affairs in a 26-part series called *Air Power*, "the story of flight and its impact on the 20th century." *U.S. Steel* will bring back Gracie Fields, offer a musical version of *Tom Sawyer* and an adaptation of James Joyce's *Dubliners*. CBS viewers will also see a new Jackie Gleason show, a Herb Shriner variety program, and about five hours of color every week.

NBC will loose a torrent of color spectaculars in hopes of tottering CBS's rating pre-eminence. Splashiest of all will probably be onetime Vaudeville Hooper Walter Winchell as host of his own variety show early next month. Paul Douglas will join Mary Martin, biggest audience-puller on TV, in *Born Yesterday* on *Hallmark Hall of Fame*, which will also reproduce Shaw's *Man and Superman* with

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Maurice Evans, Ray Bolger and Elaine Stritch will star in 16 one-hour live-shows called *Wassongame Signato*, alternating with the *Chevy Chase's Dinah Shore* and Bob Hope. Nomata Fibras, who left Sid Caesar for greener folding money, will star in *High Button Shoes*. Producer's *Shogun* will offer *Somerset Maugham's The Letter* (produced and directed by William Wyler), a musical version of *Jack and the Beanstalk* with Celeste Holm and Cyril Ritchard, John Huston's *Lystrata*, Anatole Litvak's *Mayerling* with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, Claire Bloom in the Old Vic's *Romeo and Juliet*, the Lunts, making their TV debuts, in *The Great Sebastians*, Gene Kelly and Fredric March in *Front Page*, a Roy Rogers-odeo, NBC will also give opera, ballet and concert-hall music their biggest boost as popular art forms with the Sadler's Wells Ballet's *Cinderella*, Puccini's *La Bohème*, Verdi's *La Traviata*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the world premiere of Prokofiev's *War and Peace* and Sol Hurok's *Music Fashion*. Producer Max Liebman will try to develop Comic Buddy Hackett as a top comedian with a half-hour comedy series.

To pull all these stops out, NBC has sunk \$12 million into color production (converting Manhattan's Ziegfeld Theater into a color studio and building the largest color studio in the world in Brooklyn). Seventeen different series of regular shows will be televised in color (compared to only three last year), and on some nights NBC will offer three consecutive hours of color shows, with at least one major show each night (for an average of 15 color hours a week).

But with all its new stars and equipment, NBC must continue to stage its biggest fight with CBS's *Ed Sullivan Show*, again pinning its hopes on Steve Allen to bust CBS's eight-year Sunday-at-eight audience dominance.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Sept. 13. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Climax! (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *Burst of Violence*, with Eddie Albert, Betsy Palmer.

Democratic National Committee (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., all networks). Adlai Stevenson, from Harrisburg, Pa.

Cavalcade of Sports (Fri. 10 p.m., NBC). Ralph "Tiger" Jones vs. Wilf Greaves, in ten-round middleweight bout.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow visits Frank Sinatra Joseph Welch.

U.N. Handicap (Sat. 5:30 p.m., CBS). *Synopsis*: Atlantic City horse race.

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Guests: Irene Dunne, Buddy Hackett.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *Thru the Stars*, with Constance Bennett.

RADIO

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:05 p.m., CBS). Part III. Salzburg Festival.

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Reactors are now being built to pro-

duce electrical power in 10 years. Much credit for this amazing progress in these applications of atomic energy can be given to a relatively small number of scientists and technicians, dedicated to the peaceful atom. One of these teams was the select group assembled by North American Aviation in 1946, which has grown into the ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL division. From their experience has come a wealth of technology and capability in the development and production of nuclear reactors specifically designed for, and now available to, science and industry.



FISSION ON STATE STREET

Dr. Marlin Remley of Atomics International starts the Armour Research Foundation reactor, located a few minutes from Chicago's Loop. The reactor—first for private industry—is now in operation.

duce electrical power by converting reactor heat into steam to drive turbo-generators—a boon to many areas in the world where natural resources like coal, oil and water are limited—or have long since been depleted.

Radiation from a reactor may preserve meats, fruits and vegetables without heat, without refrigeration. Drugs can be sterilized for longer periods without loss of effectiveness. Plastics can be toughened...rubber can be strengthened. New chemical processes will bring us better products and materials than ever before. "Tagged atoms," radioisotopes, permit a detailed tracing of how chemicals behave in man, in plants, and in the soil. And atomic radiation is helping medicine to conquer cancer.

Clinical Assistants. Perhaps the world's most hoped-for application of nuclear radiation is the treatment of cancer. A nuclear reactor devoted entirely to this and other medical research has been designed by ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL for the Medical Center of a prominent southern California university. With radiation from this reactor, physicians hope to destroy cancer cells with greater effectiveness, control and selectivity than ever before possible.

Food Preservers. ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL has built still another type of reactor for the Armour Research Foundation of the Illinois Institute of Technology. It is now being used to explore food preservation methods; the structure of rubber, plastics, glass and

ceramics; the nature of friction, which could produce new lubricants. The program at Armour is supported by a group of participating companies who will use the reactor for private industrial studies.

Lamp Lighters. Yet another type of reactor is the sodium-cooled, graphite-moderated installation called the Sodium Reactor Experiment located in the Santa Susana Mountains near Los Angeles. The Southern California Edison Company will use the reactor's 20,000 Kw of heat to produce electrical power for commercial use. This SRE reactor was designed, built and will be operated by ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL to play a vital role in the Atomic Energy Commission's nuclear power development program.

ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL is also working on plans with the Consumers Public Power District of Nebraska for a larger (75,000 electrical Kw) nuclear power plant...a project that will incorporate the operational experience gained from the Sodium Reactor Experiment.

Another power reactor concept, the Organic Moderated Reactor Experiment, is being built by ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL for the Atomic Energy Commission at the National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho.

International Use. Peaceful applications of atomic energy are now spreading around the world. One example is the first nuclear reactor to be built in the Far East. It has been ordered from ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL by the Atomic Energy Research Institute of Japan, and is slated to begin operation near Tokyo in 1957. This reactor will be used for nuclear research in medicine, industry, agriculture and science.

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EDUCATION

Gift to the Gifted

The problem haunting St. Louis school officials was unfortunately familiar to urban school systems the country over: What to do with gifted students? Boggled down in large classes and forced to move at a slow learner's pace, they were wasting both their time and their talents.

St. Louis' answer, described last week by officials at an opening-of-school conference, could well provide a pattern for harried administrators attempting to cope with the problem in other cities and towns.

Sixth to Ninth. Without clear precedents to guide them, St. Louis educators arbitrarily set an IQ of 130 (very superior) as the dividing line between the average and

Just as gratifying to St. Louis School Superintendent Philip J. Hickey was the fact that the gifted students vastly accelerated their social development (thus seeming to refute the theory that isolation of the intellectually gifted tends to stunt their social growth). With a new batch of gifted sixth-graders starting the program this fall and last year's special sixth-graders moving on to special "seventh"-grade classes, nine new classrooms are being set aside for advanced work. Next fall a third set of nine classrooms will be added to carry the program on through the junior-high-school level.

Halting the Loss. Superintendent Hickey freely acknowledges that the program is still experimental and subject



ST. LOUIS' HICKEY* (POINTING) WITH GIFTED CLASS
Isolation answered a challenge.

Bob Briggs

the gifted student. Candidates for the special classes were identified by means of IQ tests given to all children in fourth grade. Those who scored 110 or better were given additional IQ tests shortly before they were due to enter sixth grade assigned to nine special classrooms strategically scattered throughout the school system if they scored 130 or above on the latter tests and proved "socially adjusted." In the special classrooms they were given regular sixth-grade work, beefed up with generous advanced assignments in foreign languages and the sciences.

Although St. Louis started testing for gifted students three years ago, only one batch of 250 gifted sixth-graders (out of the 7,000 or so youngsters who reach sixth grade each year) has been exposed to the advanced program so far. How has it affected them? In natural sciences, science reading and vocabulary the gifted sixth-graders moved from average ninth-grade work to work comparable to that done by the upper fourth of ninth-grade classes.

to substantial revision. St. Louis has not yet determined what to do with its gifted sixth-graders when they reach high school. Even the curriculum is likely to be revised as the program's administrators gain more experience. But to Hickey and the others working with him, the important fact is that a start has been made toward halting the loss of brainpower which St. Louis, in common with other cities, has suffered through failure to detect top talent.

"At last we're taking the smart kids," said one administrator last week, "and giving them a challenge fully worth their attention."

Most Important Language

In the first flush of nationalism, India declared in its 1949 constitution that Hindi would become the national language by 1965. It would be, Jawaharlal Nehru declared, "the great unifier." English was to be "phased out."

Last week, speaking before the states' education ministers, Nehru reversed his ground. English, he said, would be retained in the Indian educational system

as the major language for an "indefinite" period. Added he: "Manpower for industrial, scientific and agricultural purposes cannot be trained in any Indian language in the foreseeable future."

Behind Nehru's pronouncement (which was promptly endorsed by the education ministers' conference) was the knowledge that Hindi has failed to replace English as a national language. With an Urdu base and a Sanskrit script, Hindi is spoken by the biggest single language bloc in all India—roughly 100 million people, most of whom live in Uttar Pradesh, the sprawling area that has traditionally supplied New Delhi with most of its politicians. Hindi has remained largely unknown in southern India, which prides itself on its command of English.

Technical schools have had their own problems. Since 1952 more than 100 Hindi experts have translated 31,000 English scientific terms into Hindi (they plan to translate 300,000 by 1960). But many terms, such as units of weights and measures, have merely been transliterated. And in the field of chemistry the translators have hit a major snag. When the Hindi vocabulary was first initiated, Indians knew only seven of the 90-odd stable elements known today. As a result, an Indian chemist talking Hindi sounds like a man switching continually from English to Hindi in the same sentence. Students entering engineering schools with little or no knowledge of English have been using their first two years just learning the language in which all available technical books are printed. Repeatedly, Indian educators and engineers have warned that the nation is getting "fifth-rate" technicians.

Nehru drew the obvious moral: "English is the most important language in the world today. If we start training people in Hindi or any other Indian language, we will only produce persons who are inadequately trained for the job."

Report Card

¶ The University of Massachusetts won its long fight with the state legislature to determine the size and caliber of its own faculty (TIME, Feb. 13). Subject since 1954 to state control of jobs, salaries and classifications, the university protested that it was unable to compete for top teachers unless it had autonomy in hiring and firing. The new "freedom bill," passed by the legislature by a good majority, gives control of professional personnel to the university but retains control of clerical personnel for the state.

¶ A committee to push the teaching in U.S. high schools and colleges of the facts about Communism was established by the Foundation for Religious Action in the Social and Civic Order and the American Political Science Association. It got an immediate endorsement from President Eisenhower. Said he: Our students "must be taught to discriminate between the American form of government and the Soviet form. When they have all the facts, I am confident they will make the correct choice."

* With Assistant Director for Special Schools Harold C. Smith



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MEDICINE

Battle over Leprosy

Long-dreaded leprosy is rated by top experts a hundred times less contagious than TB, and it is virtually impossible for an adult to be infected by casual contact. On these facts, the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Carville, La.—the national leprosarium—based its extraordinary system of allowing patients to lead near-normal lives. Under Dr. Frederick Andrew Johansen, who spent 29 years there, Carville helped a whole generation of leprosy patients to feel (psychologically, at least) like normal human beings. "Dr. Jo" let patients marry and live together, encouraged outsiders (provided they were over twelve) to come in and play golf or softball with the patients and dance with them at socials.

In 1953 Dr. Jo retired and was succeeded as director by Dr. Eddie Monroe

ets on the others"). Complained the patient: "I can stay in bed with my husband all day—but they won't let me dance with him."

The Carville inmates decided to fight. Angry protest meetings were held. The Patients' Federation drafted a 2,500-word letter of complaint to PHS headquarters, sent a lawyer with it to Washington. Last week the patients won a clear-cut victory. PHS decided to shift Dr. Gordon, 52, to his 20th assignment.

Dialysis v. Poison

TV Engineer Alan Adair, 30, unhappily divorced and tired of life, parked his car alongside Los Angeles' Ballona Creek one evening and washed down a handful of barbiturate sleeping pills with milk. Then he made notes: "7:26. Now I wonder how long it will take . . . 7:31. Everyone wonders what it is like to die. I'm going to

sis, originally devised to tide patients over a kidney shutdown.

Adair was the first human subject so treated for barbiturate poisoning. Punching a hole through the muscle wall of his abdomen 2 in. below the navel, doctors inserted a plastic tube in his peritoneal cavity and hooked this up with a quart flask containing mineral salts in the same concentration as they occur in the blood, plus antibiotics to check infection. The solution drained into the peritoneal cavity. There it picked up some of the barbiturates by osmosis through the peritoneum. The doctors then drained the fluid now mixed with barbiturates, back into the flask. They repeated the process with fresh fluid about once an hour for 36 hours, using some 60 qt. of fluid.

Within five hours, Adair's reflexes returned. After about 30 hours he regained partial consciousness and this week was well on the way to recovery. Analyses of the fluid will show how much barbiturate was removed by dialysis: similar trials with artificial kidneys have shown that removal of only 10% to 15% might be enough to get a patient over the hump.

Foreign-Trained Doctors

How good are the foreign-trained doctors now flocking to the U.S.? In far too many cases, not good enough, says Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, dean of Columbia University's Faculty of Medicine. Reason: their schooling is inadequate by U.S. standards.

Long exercised over this problem (TIME, Feb. 22, 1954), Dean Rappleye returned to the attack last week with new statistics:

☐ More than 25% of the house staffs in U.S. hospitals are now composed of foreign-trained doctors; in a few states more than 50%. They total about 7,000.

☐ This year 5,000 to 6,000 more will enter the country, as against 6,977 graduates from all U.S. medical schools.

The result, according to Dr. Rappleye: "In many sections of the country there are now two classes of citizens . . . those who are to be cared for by physicians who have had a satisfactory preparation for medical practice, and those whose medical care will be provided by physicians who are graduates of substandard schools." To Veteran Educator Rappleye (Harvard Medical, '18) the situation is "reminiscent of the diploma-mill era of 50 years ago, when fly-by-night schools turned out thousands of inadequately trained doctors."

The U.S. Government welcomes foreign doctors under liberalized immigration policies. Hospitals, which have thousands of internships and residencies going begging every year, welcome them to fill their stalls. In most cases these are hard-pressed or smaller hospitals, which cannot give the arriving doctors the extra training they need, and may exploit them as cheap medical labor.

☐ Not all aliens: many U.S. citizens have gone to schools overseas (mostly in Switzerland and The Netherlands) because they failed to get into U.S. schools or lacked premedical course requirements. Canada's schools are rated on a par with U.S. schools, have similar standards.



CARVILLE PATIENTS DANCING WITH VISITORS
Despite dread, a feeling of normalcy.

Gordon Jr., a Health Service officer with 16 separate assignments in 28 years of service. Newcomer Gordon improved Carville's physical plant and administration, but set out to change the hospital's famed, widely admired system. He ordered the hospital staff to stop fraternizing with patients, discouraged visits by the public, upped minimum age for visitors (other than relatives) from twelve to 20. The worst blow to patients: a ban on games, sports, and dances between patients and nonpatients.

Typical of the logic of Dr. Gordon's rules was the case of a woman patient whose uninfected husband visited her regularly. She asked Gordon if she could dance with him. Gordon said no, because it was too difficult to keep track of patients and nonpatients ("We can't put blue jackets on some and yellow jack-

find out, 7:39. I can barely see." When police spotted the car at 2:45 a.m., Adair was in a deep coma. Fortunately, his record told doctors at Santa Monica Hospital how much barbiturate he had taken, and the empty pill bottle told what kind. It was too late for stomach pumping to do any good. He was promptly put on the standard treatment for such cases: an injection of picrotoxin to stimulate the nervous system, and oxygen by mask.

About 90% of barbiturate poisoning victims recover with no more medication than this: their systems gradually remove the poison from the blood. But Adair's was a stubborn case. After 24 hours he remained in coma. Alarmed, hospital doctors got Adair transferred to U.C.L.A. Medical Center, where researchers had been experimenting on dogs with a fluid-exchange method called peritoneal dialy-

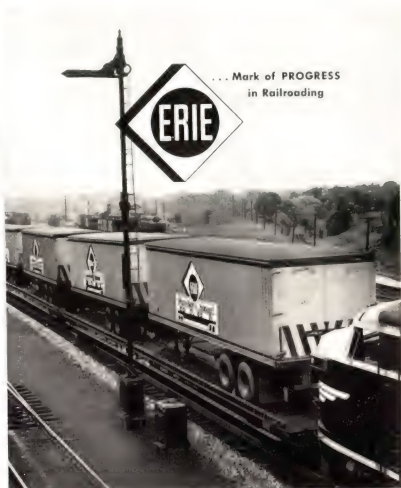
Of the 7,000 foreign-trained interns and residents now in the U.S., 6,000 are exchange students, and theoretically must go home when their time is up. But many—just how many, nobody knows—find a way to stay or to get back in quickly; e.g., by marrying a U.S. citizen. One answer to the problem is in the works—an "Evaluation Service for Foreign Graduates," due to begin soon under the auspices of the A.M.A. and other U.S. medical bodies. The idea: to cull the foreign crop by examining medical graduates on their own campuses abroad before they even buy a ticket to the U.S.

Old Wives' Tale Confirmed?

Worldwide superstition long decreed that almost all abnormalities in newborn children—from port-wine stain to the absence of a limb—were the result of shock suffered by the mother during pregnancy. Medical science seemed to demolish these old wives' tales, but now, as a result of exact, deductive reasoning, it is coming to believe that in some few cases, at least, the old wives were right.

Not only overt illness or accident, but the intangible factor of emotional stress suffered by a woman between the eighth and twelfth weeks of pregnancy may be a precipitating factor in causing harelip and cleft-palate defects, two New Jersey researchers report in *Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery*. Drs. Lyon P. Streat and Lyndon A. Peer studied 238 cases of cleft palate at Newark's Hospital of St. Barnabas, 40% among first-born children. Going back over the mothers' experiences during the critical weeks of pregnancy—when the two halves of the upper jaw normally fuse in the palatal arch—the doctors found that 23% had been ill or injured, and no less than 68% recalled emotional disturbances. Notable among these were a death in the family, loss of a job, marital incompatibility, worry because of a previous miscarriage; 19% had "morning sickness" with vomiting. Drs. Streat and Peer reason that severe emotional disturbance, of whatever kind, stimulates the adrenal glands to pump out extra hydrocortisone; this checks the formation of connective tissue between the two sides of the palate or may actually dissolve tissue already formed. The high incidence of cleft palates among first-born they explain on the ground that first pregnancies usually involve more stress.

In support of their thesis, the researchers pumped cortisone into female mice at the corresponding stage in gestation, when the palates of the embryos were forming, and produced clefts in 87%. Then they tried counteracting the hormone with vitamins B₆, B₁₂ and C. Thus protected, mouse mothers produced young with normal palates. Other defects often seen in the newborn that may result from the same sort of stress, the doctors suggest, are absence of a collarbone or forearm bone, displacement of the heart, Mongolism (TIME, Aug. 13) and water on the brain. But confirmation of this theory and of the protective effect of vitamins must await further research.



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SPORT

Old-Fashioned Champ

The shy, solemn Australian looked beaten before he started. Even the crowd at Long Island's West Side Tennis Club this week figured that Ken Rosewall was a sure loser. He had done well to get to the finals of the U.S. Men's Singles championships, but now he was up against his fellow countryman Lew Hoad. There was too much at stake for Lew to let this one get away. Victory would make him the only man besides Don Budge to make a grand slam of the biggest titles in tennis—Wimbledon, plus the French, Australian and U.S. championships. A \$100,000 pro contract would be his for the asking.

The two young (21) Australians squared off, and Ken started slowly, losing the first set 6-4. But he wore a curious frown. It could have been dejection; more likely it was wonder. For Lew Hoad's dangerous serve didn't seem so wicked after all, he was far from impressive at the net, and in the tricky wind his overhead game was unbelievably sloppy. All of a sudden Ken Rosewall stumbled on the exciting idea that he might very well win.

Now he began to produce the brand of tennis that had made him a gallery favorite all week long. In the quarter-finals the luck of the draw had sent him against quick-tempered Dick Savitt, 29, back in the big time after a four-year layoff. And Savitt had forced him to play the best tennis of his career to pull out the match. As he faced Hoad it seemed improbable that he could be that good again. But he was. Watching him took spectators back

to the golden days of prewar tournaments, to Tilden and Vines and Budge, to Perry, Crawford and Cochet.

Somehow, in an era when tennis has quickened into a slam-bang game of brief, explosive rallies, Ken Rosewall nourishes an old-fashioned taste for the back court, for stylish strokes, for careful strategy worked out through a long, exciting exchange of shots. Such tactics seldom stand a chance against the "big" game of today's champions—and until this week Ken had a habit of finishing second-best. Smooth, fast-paced ground shots may be lovely to look at, but most of the time they add up to little against a booming serve backed by the ability to come up fast and put away a volley at the net.

But against Hoad in the finals, everything worked. When necessary, Ken found he could command the net himself. His long, flat drives flicked baseline chalk so often that overworked linesmen seemed to make more errors than he did. He pulled Hoad up with sneaky drop shots. He sent him scurrying toward the baseline after deft lobs that his beefy blond adversary seemed to have forgotten how to handle. He ran Lew Hoad off the slippery green court 4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

In the Women's Singles championships, Wimbledon Champion Shirley Fry carefully and methodically beat New York's Althea Gibson. Taking it easy, using her service only to get the ball in play, Shirley waited for Althea to make the errors, won the U.S. title 6-3, 6-4.

The Winningest

A useful sprinter named Big Rush romped off with the fifth race at California's Del Mar race track one day last week and paid \$15.70 for \$2. Even those outdoor investors who had backed the wrong horse cheered the result. For Johnny Longden, the wrinkled little jock on board the winner, had just won his 4,870th race and thus tied Sir Gordon Richards' alltime record for riding race-winning thoroughbreds. Less than two hours later, Johnny won again. He picked up a big horse named Arrogate and heaved him under the wire to win the day's feature by a dirty nose. Now Grandpa Longden, 46 (horsemen with long memories swear he is 50), is the winningest jockey in the world.

Out of the Gate. The durable refugee from Canadian coal mines has been a long time on the road to success, and he was slow getting out of the starting gate. Born in England, he was brought to northwestern Canada by his parents when he was a youngster. He went to work as a "grease pig," leading the slow-moving donkeys hauling their loads of coal. Any job under the sun would have been better, and young Johnny made a long reach for light and air. At 15, he began to pick up small change riding "Roman" style at the "bull rings" around Calgary. Steering two mounts from a standing position, one



WINNER KEN ROSEWALL
He stumbled on an idea.

Max Peter Hoos

foot on the back of each, Johnny demonstrated his innate skill at horsemanship.

Strangely, when he switched to a jockey's saddle Johnny found the going tougher. In his first year (1927) he won one out of 16 starts, earned all of \$880. As it always is, advice was available from every quarter, and it all added up to one word: quit. But Johnny stuck around. When other jocks were living it up, he worked around the barns, walked hots, rode as an exercise boy. He learned about horses and, inevitably, he began to win.

Modest Millionaire. As he moved toward the top, Johnny found the going not one bit easier. In the rough days before the film patrol kept jockeys civilized he took his share of spills. Over the years, in one way or another, he broke both legs, smashed a shoulder, fractured his spine, suffered a brain concussion and broke a foot. Somehow he also managed to develop a superb sense of timing. He learned how to break from the gate a stride on top, how to rate his horse when he was running in front. If he looked awkward in the saddle his knowing hands could still wring that extra effort out of his mount, that marginal shading of speed that wins horse races.

Wherever he rode—and he rode all over the world—Johnny earned a reputation as an honest jock who always gave his horse a good ride. He was up on Count Fleet when that great runner took the Kentucky Derby in 1943; he was piloting Noor when that Irish-bred fighter got his nose in front of Citation to win the San Juan Capistrano Handicap. Today he owns a modest California mansion—modest, that is, for a millionaire jockey—for a time he had a 500-acre Nevada



WINNER SHIRLEY FRY
She waited for errors.

European

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LONGDEN ON COUNT FLEET
 Grandee made it 4,881.

ranch and he followed the ponies around the circuit in his own plane. It took Johnny 30 years to ride to this affluent estate and he is still a long way from hanging up his boots. By week's end he had won ten more, for a total of 4,881. For as long as he feels like riding, horsemen will forgive him his minor transgressions—he breeds a few standardbred—some away from the track every so often to drive those wagon horses at night.

Scoreboard

Q "What kind of shotput ring are we using?" asked Air Force Lieut. Parry O'Brien—just as if the ring really made much difference to the holder of nearly every shotput record in the book. "We're using clay," said University of Oregon Track Coach Bill Bowerman, who was in charge of the pre-Olympic meet at Eugene. "Well," said Parry casually. "I'd have preferred wood. I feel like 62 ft. tomorrow." He felt better than that, heaved the 16-lb. ball 62 ft. 6 1/2 in. to beat his recognized world's record.

Q The Star class world sailing championships held in the Bay of Naples turned into a battle of the breezes; under strong wind U.S. Skipper Lowell North thrashed into the lead, but when the breeze died, Italy's Agostino Straulino had the light touch needed to win the inevitable drifting match. In the fifth and final race a southwesterly wind that was blowing North toward the title suddenly died. Straulino ghosted through the last leg, passed just enough boats to gain the championship 279 to 277.

Q Giving the ordinary Sunday driver a frightening glimpse of the kind of sports car that may soon be running him off the road, Renault engineers sent their gas-turbine-powered Etoile Filante to Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, clocked it in a whistling world record of 191.2 m.p.h.



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in 1903, refus
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and be caught

the Southern California canning in
dustry faced disaster.

Then one cannery experimentally
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And so, declares E. L. Morris, Tuna
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of 30-lb. tuna (though they range up to 150 lbs.) back into the boat where it is immediately refrigerated.



born. An industry that today supplies 11½ million cases of canned tuna to meet annual U. S. consumption—more than half a billion cans a year!"

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"The Fleet, with up-to-the-minute marine equipment and a frozen tuna capacity of hundreds of tons in each ship's hold, accounts for over 70% of the annual catch," says the director. "The rest is brought in by the Purse Seine Fleet of 100 ships out of San Pedro, and by some 2- to 3,000 small trolling boat operators—the Albacore Fleet—on a day-by-day coastal basis."

Hauled aboard, the ocean-fresh tuna are immediately frozen, to be thawed just prior to cannery processing. And here, Mr. Morris emphasizes, every step passes rigid inspection, demands absolute cleanliness: from the butchers' preparation to the pre-cooking, cleaning, canning and assembly line addition of salt and soybean or other oil. Right on through to sealing the cans and pasteurizing their nutritious contents.

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Vast quantities of tin plate are needed to make the 35 billion cans it takes each year to bring you the myriad products packed in cans. And our Weirton Steel Company is a major supplier of both electrolytic and hot-dipped tin plate to the cannery industry.

Of course, tin plate is just one of the many steels made by National Steel. Our research and production men work closely with customers in many fields to provide steels for the better products of all American industry.

At National Steel, it is our constant goal to produce still better and better steel of the quality and in the quantity wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.



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Butchers deftly prepare the freshly thawed fish, speed them along for pre-cooking, cleaning, quartering, canning and then pasteurizing. Tuna livers go to market in the form of vitamin extracts.



Cleaners split the precooked tuna, extracting its four meaty, protein-rich loins. Steam-cooked and cleaned, these edible loins are cut to size, packed in cans.



National Tuna Week (Sept. 13-22) highlights tuna's popularity as the star of hundreds of delectable recipes. And it's so convenient to have tuna always on hand in easily stored, dependable cans!

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Southern Pacific

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THE PRESS

The Southern Front

Not since the Korean war had U.S. newsmen faced such risks in the line of duty as they did last week in covering the Southern riots over school integration (see NEWS IN PICTURES). The rioters not only feared that pictures could be used as evidence against them in court; they also sensed that the press would arouse public opinion—and action—against them.

Near Clinton, Tenn., where more than 100 newsmen converged, segregationists charged at reporters, flinging stones and brandishing clubs to block coverage of their rallies. When the Knoxville *Inquirer*'s Bill Anderson tried to get into a mass meeting unobtrusively, six men beat him

carrying guardsmen, knocked Corn down and slugged and kicked him. Two stitches were taken to close a gash in Corn's face.

The National Guard, under the command of its adjutant general, a World War II captain named Joe W. Henry Jr., who now wears two stars, gave the newsmen little protection. At the Oliver Springs encounter, Henry denounced the photographers to curry favor with the mob. Guardsmen stood by while rioters roughed up newsmen and stole cameras.

Taking the Hint. Later in the week, when the 15 prisoners were released on a \$1,000 bond each, Henry told them that the guard would not interfere in anything that happened between them and photographers waiting outside the town jail. The



CLINTON, TENN. RIOTER YANKS AT PHOTOGRAPHER'S EQUIPMENT
The climate was unhealthy for Negroes and newsmen.

up; he had been given away by the prefix number on his automobile license plate, marking him as an "outsider" from adjoining Knox County.

A Shotgun in the Stomach. During a tense encounter between the Tennessee National Guard and an armed mob in Oliver Springs, 15 miles west of Clinton, members of the mob elbowed their way through shoulder-to-shoulder guardsmen and leaped at newsmen. The chief danger was to photographers and newsmen whose equipment made them conspicuous and vulnerable. While *LIFE* Photographer Robert W. Kelley was atop a jeep photographing the clash at Oliver Springs, five men three of them carrying shotguns, advanced on him. Leaping to the ground to escape them, he broke his left leg. In the same melee, Nashville *Tennessean* Photographer Jack Corn had a shotgun shoved into his stomach and barely managed to hang onto his camera until guardsmen took him into protective custody. Two days later a 29-year-old prisoner—one of 15 mobsters arrested at Oliver Springs—sprang suddenly between two carbine-

released prisoners took the hint. While guardsmen watched, the photographers were left to defend themselves in a free-swinging sidewalk brawl. When the newsmen angrily protested being denied protection on a public street, Henry barked, "I don't have to defend myself to you people."

The Kentucky National Guard gave the press better protection in the rioting at Clay and Sturgis, but, reported Mrs. Françoise H. Armstrong, editor of Kentucky's *Henderson Glomer and Journal* who was herself bullied by the mob at Clay, "the climate was unhealthy for two classes of citizens—newspaper people and Negroes." Before the guard arrived, newsmen trying to approach the Clay school were run out of town, and one managed to escape while a crowd tried to overturn his car.

Despite the rough treatment the reporters and photographers managed not only to get the news out but to keep a grain sense of humor. In Clinton, they joined the Southern War Correspondents' Association, planned to give each member



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a card reading "Integrated" on one side and "Segregated" on the other, then suitable for use on both sides of the line. The card will also bear the motto "Discretion is the better part of valor."

The Oracles

Across the U.S., editorialists and columnists took a firm grip on their pencils two weeks and settled down to intensive pondering on the presidential campaign.

One loud note in the editorial chorus was a warning against apathy. "The Republican mood," wrote Columnist Marquis Childs, "is one of supreme conviction of victory, with overtones of the smugness against which President Eisenhower himself warned." Citing the poor TV ratings of both political conventions, the Providence *Bulletin* thought that apathy was a problem confronting the Democrats as well. "The election will be no show-in for the Republicans," editorialized New York's *Daily News*, advising against a "renned polite, high-level campaign . . . Nice-Nellyism seldom wins elections in this country." Slapping Adlai Stevenson for his "prissy little jab at President Eisenhower's favorite game, golf," the *News* totted up 3,500,000 U.S. golfers and concluded: "In sneering at golf, a politician takes much the same risk as in sneering at Baseball, Baby, Mother, The Flag, The Home or The Dog."

Legwork. Columnist David Lawrence, a staunch Eisenhower man, thought that despite the forthcoming campaign hullabaloo, "a preponderant number of citizens have already made up their minds how they are going to vote." But the Chicago *Tribune's* Walter Trohan contended that the last two weeks of the old 1948 campaign saw "certain" Republican victory "transformed to crushing defeat," and noted that the Democrats have "a hard hitting team" this time. The New York *World Tribune's* Roscoe Drummond thought that Stevenson and Estes Kefauver were off to a fast start, with a big improvement in the Democratic nononsense campaign technique, organization and party morale. "Mr. Stevenson," he said, "is a more forceful, more informal, more effective campaigner than before. Mr. Kefauver is a formidable ally."

Columnist Joseph Alsop alternated deep thinking with strenuous legwork, went doorbell ringing in Portland and Seattle to talk with the voters. His findings: "the big issue with most people is foreign policy, i.e., peace; 21 voters have made a switch from Ike to Stevenson that may put Oregon and Washington into the Democratic column. But Alsop cautioned: "In most cases, the switchers had made their decisions without passion or violent conviction. Their decisions, one felt, might be changed later on."

Taking a view held by most columnists, Walter Lippmann decided that "the central contest is for the vote of the Democrats and of the independents with Democratic leanings who in 1952 voted for Eisenhower, but did not vote for other Republican candidates." Wrote Lippmann: "Governor Stevenson is trying to win back



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NOWHERE else in the world does the businessman, the farmer, the consumer enjoy the kinds and quality of transportation service available here in the United States.

Under the spur of competition, the trucking industry makes remarkable improvements in terminal operations through efficient mechanization — railroads strive to cut running time — airlines tailor air-freight to shipper requirements — the whole field of transport service researches, adapts, changes and improves.

This is *service* competition which benefits everyone concerned — which has given American agriculture and industry the finest transportation in the world.

Now, some would like to throw the emphasis on virtually unrestricted *rate* competition. We tried unrestricted rate competition once before — and it nearly wrecked our developing country. Now we have vigorous price competition, to be sure, but with built-in safeguards to protect shippers, carriers, and public alike.

Does service competition result in lower costs to the public? The answer is that all transportation today receives less of the national sales dollar than it did in 1929, although performing far more service for every dollar received.



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The exclusive Viceroy filter is made from
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Democrats. To do this, he must show them that if they come home, they will find not only the old Democratic party but that party purged of what drove them away from it in 1952, and standing for what they wanted from Eisenhower—namely peace abroad and at home.

The question of how the South will go found most observers in agreement. To hear such papers as the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Nashville Tennessean* tell it, the region will again become the pre-1948 Democratic Solid South. As to the organized-labor vote, the *Washington Evening Star*, the *Minneapolis Star* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* held that it could not be "delivered" by labor leaders. The *Chicago Tribune* asked skeptically: "Is there a labor vote?"

The Betting Odds. Some editorials struck a nonpartisan note. The *Chicago Daily News* looked over the new federal budget, saw stepped-up spending "in every avenue of welfare," and wondered "just how the 'new Republicanism' of the Eisenhower Administration differs from the Fair Deal—unless partisanship prompts the conclusion that the Democrats would be spending even more lavishly." New York's *Daily Mirror* took a dim view of the "strange bipartisan silence" over "the deep resentment among the people against high taxation."

For those who like their experts to offer hard figures, New York *Post* Financial Columnist Sylvia F. Porter (tipped readers to the latest professional gambling odds on the election: 4 to 1 in favor of Ike, narrowed from the 5 to 1 before the Democratic convention.

Reader Response

PUBLISHER EDITED BY RIFLE? With that playful headline, the *Los Angeles Mirror-News* last week joined other U.S. tabloids in joyful coverage of an event long prophesied, widely awaited and plainly relished: the shooting of Robert Harrison, 32, publisher of *Confidential*, whose formula of sennuendo about celebrities has built up the bestselling (circ. 3,674,423) magazine on U.S. newsstands (TIME, July 11, 1955).

A shotgun charge caught Harrison not in his natural habitat of Broadway fleshpots, but in the Dominican Republic. But the shotgun, sure enough, belonged to a man written up in *Confidential's* latest bimonthly issue: a 35-year-old professional hunter named Richard Weldy, who according to *Confidential*, had lost his wife to Actor John Wayne in Peru in 1952.

Miss Cheesecake. Weldy had met Harrison twice before. The first time was two months ago, when Harrison talked vaguely of hiring him for an Amazon expedition but also assiduously pumped him about his ex-wife Pilar Palette and Actor Wayne. Then last week he met Harrison in a Ciudad Trujillo hotel casino, raised such a row about the *Confidential* story that bouncers escorted him out.

Two days later, 90 miles away in the jungle near a mountain resort hotel, Weldy came upon Harrison again. This time Harrison was accompanied by *Confidential's*



PUBLISHER HARRISON
He suffered from exposure.

Managing Editor A. P. Govoni and a blonde nightclub singer, Gene Courtney, to, onetime Miss Cheesecake of New York. The party carried guns for hunting, but as a *Confidential* spokesman put it: "It was a sort of a lark in the mountains; you know what I mean?"

Weldy began to argue again with Harrison. "He was gesticulating and nearly hysterical," according to Harrison, who had never come up against an armed reader before. "The gun flew from his hand and hit a rock. Courtney screamed. I felt an awful pain and fell down. Weldy beat it like a shot out of hell." Govoni, who was armed lit out fast, too. Like Weldy, he said he rushed off to get help, though both seemed equally eager to get out of gunhire range. That left Harrison, clutching a flesh wound in his left shoulder, and Miss Courtney.

Deplorable Shot. When Govoni started back to the jungle with help, he could not find the couple. Soon fog and darkness closed in and the searchers gave up for the night. Next day, parties of 4,000 civil guards, police, soldiers and Boy Scouts beat the bushes until they found Harrison and Miss Courtney, both exhausted after a sleepless night and suffering from exposure. While they recovered in a Ciudad Trujillo hospital, the police put Weldy in a cell until they could check his story that the shot was an accident.

After three days in jail, Weldy was set free when the others backed up his story. Reluctantly, the tabloids did a slow fade-out on the exotic tropical scene, leaving readers to chew on some memorable quotes. Said Actor Wayne: "Weldy is a nice fellow, but I deplore the fact that he is such a poor shot." Said Weldy: "I'm going up the Amazon and get lost." Said Harrison: "I have had enough of the goddamned jungle for the rest of my life." Said Miss Courtney: "I wasn't in love with either of them."



Aluminum's light-footedness and weather defiance play important roles in LeTourneau's mammoth new "trackless train"

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This is no ordinary train. Each unit is self-propelled by powerful electric motors in the wheels to transport huge payloads with equal ease across desert sands or arctic wastes. It's no surprise to find these giants engineered with plenty of strong, lightweight aluminum.

Nearly a million Americans are busy today making and distributing products

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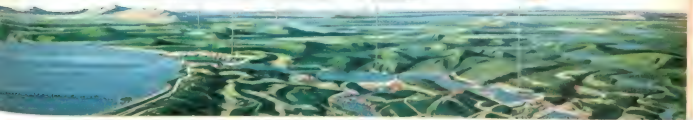
As a result of the continuing demand for aluminum ingot, Aluminium Limited is carrying out the largest single aluminum expansion program in the world,

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RELIGION

New High

Church membership in the U.S. reached a record 100,162,520 in 1955—a gain of 2,679,918 over the previous year—according to the *Yearbook of American Churches*. Thus 60.4% of U.S. citizens are now affiliated with religious bodies as compared with 57% in 1950, 36% in 1900. Denominational breakdown: 48,448,567 Protestants, 33,396,647 Roman Catholics, 5,500,000 Jews, 2,386,945 Eastern Orthodox, 367,370 Old Catholics and Polish National Catholics, and 65,000 Buddhists.

Beauty, Right & Wrong

The Roman Catholic Church considered feminine beauty last week. One of its views was sympathetic, the other sarcastic.

A Hungarian plastic surgeon, troubled by the fact that many confessors tell their female penitents that face lifting and similar plastic surgery is wrong, appealed to Jesuit Father Virginio Rotondi for a ruling. Rotondi, a priest reputed to enjoy the Pope's special confidence (he divulged the Pope's vision of Christ two years ago), replied that plastic surgery is good or evil, or neither, according to the purpose for which it is performed. The surgeon himself is usually justified. His unobjectionable purpose is to earn a living and remedy ugliness. And the patient—unless his motive is actually evil, like that of a criminal trying to alter his features to escape the law—is usually moved by motives that are indifferent or actually good. It is not wicked to want to improve one's looks, suggested Rotondi. "It does not seem to me exaggerated to say that sometimes plastic surgery has brought back peace to estranged married couples . . . When confessors tell their



KOINONIANS AT WORK
Digging for cotton from the highway.

penitents that face lifting is a frivolity and is condemned without reserve by the Church, they are . . . wrong.

Attempting to lend more dignity to beauty contests—an institution which the church has consistently opposed—the promoters of the Miss Italy contest at Rimini decided to put all entrants through a culture quiz. The results were disastrous. The beauties could not identify Hamlet, Lucrezia Borgia, or even Romulus and Remus (said one: "Greek twins"). None knew the boiling point of water, which in Italy is a simple 100° C. One was unable to name a single Italian wine—her brave try: "Champagne." Without congratulating the winner, Nives Zegna, 10, of Milan, the Vatican's eminent *Osservatore Romano* editorialized: "The attempt to ennoble the beauty contest, to demonstrate that these feminine fairs are different from horse shows by virtue of God's gift of intelligence, was shipwrecked on the beach at Rimini."

Embottled Fellowship Farm

Things were quiet at Koinonia Farm last week. Not many tourists stopped at the newly reopened roadside stand on U.S. 10 because all the signs advertising it had been stolen. The people of Americus, Ga. (pop. 12,000) would like to get rid of Koinonia Farm: it is an embarrassment to some, a scandal to others. For it is a Christian experiment in racial equality.

A couple of young ministers from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky. started it in 1954. Clarence Jordan was 30 and specializing in city mission work, and Martin England was 26, taking a refresher course after missionary duty in Burma. With \$800 between them they took an option on a farm. They were plot beside the highway in as prejudiced a part of Georgia as anyone could find. A Louisville builder donated the rest of the money they needed and they called the place Koinonia (pronounced KOY-noy-ah, Greek for fellowship). Now the fellowship farm is fighting for its life.

From 440 to 1,103. It was organized on three principles: 1) complete sharing of all things, material and spiritual—"As we think of it," says Jordan, "each person receives a living while contributing a life"; 2) complete racial brotherhood—1) complete pacifism. Husbands and wives work from 6:00 a.m. to evening worship at 6:00 p.m. Younger children attend nursery or kindergarten school on the farm; older children go to regular segregated classes in the county.

Today there are 60 residents at Koinonia—45 whites and 15 Negroes. The 440 acres have grown to 1,103, with cash crops of peanuts, corn, cotton, cattle, hogs, goats and poultry.

Now there is another crop—trouble. "Those Queer Nigger-Lovers." For years the people of Americus took little notice of "those crazy race mixers." But after the Supreme Court desegregation decision in 1954 there began to be ugly rumors: "Communist spies" were harbored there; "sex mixing" was practiced. When Clarence Jordan endorsed the applications of two Negroes for admission to Georgia State College of Business Administration, things began to happen. There were anonymous phone calls; the roadside signs were ripped down at night; retailers turned down Koinonia produce.

This spring the county health department obtained an injunction against the farm's racially mixed camp for children. A construction company refused to dredge the creek for swimming when they learned there was to be interracial bathing there—a crop-dusting firm refused to dust the farm's cotton. Then came dynamite—three sticks of it—which blew up the farm's roadside produce stand. After that there was an avalanche of insurance-policy cancellations.

Some people in Americus were shocked. Others said: "I'll bet those queer nigger-lovers did it themselves. We ought to run them out of the county."

No Resentment. Last week tall, thin, rugged Farmer Jordan shaved his hat back on his head and sighed. "The



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dealer who's been supplying gas and oil for our tractors just phoned and said he wouldn't be able to supply us any more," he said. "We have enough on hand for a few days, but we'll have to find another supply. The feed situation's worse than that. Our feed dealer isn't going to sell to us any more, and we have more than 3,500 laying hens and more than 300 hogs to feed. There's enough on hand for just a few days, but we have to find another dealer at a distance. We plan to meet each crisis as it arises. We have no intention of giving up."

But the pressure is growing on Koinonia Farm. A few weeks ago a Sunday-school teacher in a rural Methodist church was fired for suggesting, after a lesson on the persecution of the early Christians, that a collection be taken up to help repair Koinonia's dynamited roadside stand. "I bear no resentment to the people who are doing these things to us," says Clarence Jordan. "I was born and raised in this country, over near Talbotton, Georgia, and my brothers and sisters live there now. I know how these people feel. I would probably feel the same way if I had not seen some of the teachings of Jesus."

The Good Boy

"I am not a little saint," said Vittorio Francescone over and over again last week. But the fact remained that the 16-year-old boy's behavior had seemed sufficiently saintly to land him on the front pages of the Italian press—and in trouble.

In the village of Boscotrecase near Naples, people who had been used to the knock of Tax Collector Eugenio Francescone on their doors began about a year ago to grow accustomed to the knock of his son. Young Vittorio begged clothes to distribute among the village poor; he even persuaded the five beggars who had enjoyed Boscotrecase's old-clothes monopoly to give up part of their haul. Rumors spread about the goodness of young Vittorio—that at school he gave away his lunch to poorer boys, that he supported 13 families with his charity. He denied the rumors, but people began to call him *santarello* (little saint).

The good works of Vittorio grew and so did his piety. He began collecting money for the poor as well as clothes. In his room was a small altar dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, and he spent more and more of his free time in church, singing hymns and learning psalms. Even on the hottest days he never removed his jacket, considering it indecent to show his bare arms. But his priest, Don Aniello Noto, was displeased to learn that the good boy had been expanding his charity operations. In some of his fan letters he received substantial checks, even from two Protestant groups in Switzerland and Austria. Inevitably the time came when the laws of Caesar collided with service to God. The carabinieri threatened to arrest Vittorio for collecting money without a license and to put him in jail.

Vittorio defended himself: "I find that when I preach for a cause I am often successful, and discover that I can help



"THE LITTLE SAINT" & FANS
A fragrant lily without fantasies.

people in many ways. That is a source of profound joy to me. I never go to a movie. I have never been to the theater. I never listen to the radio. I like to be with my fellow humans, not lose myself in fantasies." Last week a chastened Vittorio was back in the good graces of the law and the bosom of the church. "From now on," he said, "all my activity will be under the direction of our parish priest."

But fan mail continued to arrive. "You are a fragrant lily in a valley of object passions," wrote a woman in Florence. "Forward, good Vittorio; yours is a holy way."

Vatican-Kremlin Relations

The Moscow radio last week blared that the Soviet Union had established official contact with the Vatican. The Red propaganda machine was obviously out to win favor among the restive, overwhelmingly Roman Catholic satellites, and to help along Western Europe's populist movements.

All the propagandists had to go on was a 15-minute "courtesy call" that the Russian chargé d'affaires in Rome, Dmitry Pogidaev, had begged of the papal nuncio to Italy, Monsignor Giuseppe Fietta. During the meeting Pogidaev thrust upon Fietta two familiar "peace" propaganda documents, and Fietta read his caller a stiff lecture on the sad state of religious freedom in Russia. Then Pope Pius XII himself slapped down the reconciliation rumors. Before any agreement with "the enemy" could be considered, he reiterated, the church must have full freedom—not merely freedom of worship but freedom "to care for her faithful and freely to preach the message of Jesus Christ."



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"American motion pictures have told our country's story in every nation—to almost every family—in this world. And through these motion pictures we show the world the wonders that only free men, competing peacefully in a free society, can create."

"I look back on my 44 years of movie-making. . . I compare my first picture, the silent "Squaw Man," with the Vista-Vision magnificence in the production of "The Ten Commandments". . . and I see what fantastic dreams we have turned into reality.

"It took many men of genius, faith and courage to do it, of course. But the real key is that these men were free to compete—not for mere profit but in the far greater race to create an entirely new dimension in production,

direction, acting, camera or projection techniques. And always you—the movie-going public—have been the real winners of this typically American kind of competition.

"This is true throughout industry. For example, in 1919 I started what is believed to be one of the first two regular scheduled airlines. Naturally I became interested in fuels and in the industry that supplied them. What a progress story I found!

"In a little over 20 years America's

oilmen turned the basic fuels that powered my airline into the powerful 100-octane gasoline that helped win World War II. And in another decade they had developed the highly complicated, entirely different jet fuels that will soon bring us the wonders of commercial jet travel. Again the answer lies in the constant competition among our many oil companies to be first to unleash new power for America's wings, wheels and gears.

"This is why I believe that if our nation is to continue to show the world the true glory of freedom, then we must forever keep the freedom of competition as unfettered as we intend to keep the freedoms of expression and worship."

Cecil B. DeMille

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ART

Magician's Handwriting

In the 16 years since Paul Klee died in Muralto-Locarno, Switzerland, his reputation for transmitting taproot messages from the unconscious and turning them into powerful, ironic, often haunting images has steadily increased. Today critics rank Klee with Picasso and Kandinsky as one of the great pioneers who have expanded 20th century vision. Klee's wandering line has been flattered into a cliché by modern cartoonists; some of his mannerisms (pointing arrows and large, arresting dots) are stand-bys in advertising art, on book jackets and record-album covers. Collectors, who traditionally lag a safe distance behind reputations, began grabbing for his work in droves after World War II, have now bid up his prices to alpine levels. A painting which cost \$5,000 in 1950 now brings \$25,000; Klee drawings have increased in price tenfold.

In testimony to Klee's new stature, Bern's Kunstmuseum has mounted the largest and most comprehensive show of Klee's works ever: 756 oils, gouaches, watercolors, drawings, sculpture and prints, including loans from 38 museums and collectors in the U.S. On Nov. 1 U.S. gallerygoers will have their turn when Chicago's Art Club will show the big and choice Klee collection owned by Mrs. Nika Hulton, wife of British Publisher Edward Hulton and one of the world's most discriminating Klee buyers.

Alchemist's Work. The Bern show demonstrated, as never before, the full range of Klee's astonishing visual inventiveness, which is rivaled in this century

only by the protean Pablo Picasso. Picasso rifled the whole treasure trove of Western and primitive art and transmuted it into a new idiom of his own. But Klee looked for inspiration to the trivia of nature—the butterfly wings, shells, roots and mosses he loved to collect—and to the minutiae of his own inner promptings, alchemized them into a unique visual poetry.

Klee was early committed to fantasy. At four he would run to his mother for comfort when the "evil spirits" he summoned up with pencil and paper became too terrifying. He disciplined his talent with a rigorous academic training at Munich's famed Art Academy. At 23 he was a bearded, slight young man with haunted eyes who already knew his way would be solitary: "I know I have to disappoint at first. . . . I want to be as though newborn, knowing absolutely nothing about Europe, ignoring facts and fashions, to be almost primitive."

Conjuror's Secret. By never denying childhood's all-questioning view, Klee kept his magician's power to conjure up the fears and delights underlying the prickly defense of man's intellect. He viewed a line as a dot wandering through space, allowed his hand to follow his own inner promptings. But because what the unconscious tossed up was rigorously controlled by one of the keenest sensibilities in modern art, the result was a lifetime's staggering production of nearly 9,000 works which have an uncanny ability to communicate indirectly to man; their meanings can often be sensed long before they are fully understood. After the war, in which he served as clerk and airplane



SELF-PORTRAIT, 1919

painter in the Kaiser's army, Klee for ten years was a member of the experimental Bauhaus movement in company with Lyonel Feininger, Josef Albers and Kandinsky. But the Bauhaus' dedication to the discipline of the machine did not alter Klee. In a Bauhaus prospectus he wrote defiantly: "Construction is not totality . . . intuition still remains an important element."

Red is for Danger. The one quality Klee would not tolerate was vagueness. He contrived an elaborate visual lexicon in which he "explained" his favorite devices (dots, lines, arrows, planes) and assigned to each a meaning according to its direction or placement. But, as in *Fire Wind* (opposite), little more than the title is actually necessary to decipher a Klee painting. The red arrows indicate motion, in this case of wind feeding the fire, while the green arrows struggle to hem the flames in against the background darkness. *She Howls, We Play* uses lines that are a cross between wire sculpture and children's sidewalk scrawls; the figures might as well be cow with heifers as dog with pups. The message is the same: adult overconcern v. childhood unconcern. But the enveloping red which has already colored the howling female suggests the alarming possibility that this time the danger may be real.

High Water-Wood, in the Hulton collection, belongs to Klee's final works. It was painted in 1938, after Nazi interference had driven him back to Bern. Klee was dying of a rare disease which produced progressive drying of his body tissues, and he knew it. Painted on newspaper with thick paint and broad strokes, *High Water-Wood* is one of the most private of Klee's works. Areas of green, yellow and blue are laid out with perfect harmony. Over them float squiggling black lines that might be found on a microscope slide. Perhaps Klee meant to indicate his awareness of a hostile, alien substance heralding the beginning of disintegration. Two years later, on June 29, 1940, Klee died of his wasting disease.



PAUL KLEE'S "SHE HOWLS, WE PLAY" (1928)

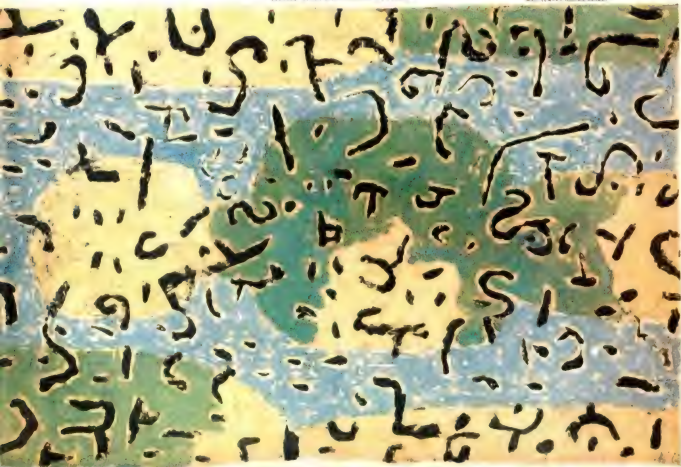


PAUL KLEE'S "FIRE WIND" (1922)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, ALEX

"HIGH WATER WOOD" (1988)

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MUSIC

For the Left Hand

The premiere was 25 years late. In West Berlin's ultramodern Conservatory Concert Hall one night last week, a large crowd gathered for the first performance of *Piano Concerto No. 4*, written by Russia's late great Sergei Prokofiev in 1931. At the keyboard was East Berlin's Pianist Siegfried Rapp, impeccable in white tie and tails. There was only one odd thing about the soloist: his right sleeve was empty and pinned to his coat.

Rapp is the latest of a grim little line of musical specialists: the one-armed pianists.



PIANIST RAPP

Hard enough for two arms.

Pieces for one hand used to be merely pleasant musical oddities, but for some pianists they became necessities. In World War I a Viennese pianist named Paul Wittgenstein lost his right arm, but stubbornly refused to abandon his virtuoso career. He commissioned and performed Ravel's *Concerto for Left Hand*, two works by Richard Strauss, and Benjamin Britten's *Diversions on a Theme*. Wittgenstein (now 68 and a teacher in Manhattan) also commissioned—but never understood or played—the Prokofiev concerto that was premiered last week by Siegfried Rapp, a musician with a story similar to his own.

Having lost his right arm to shrapnel on the Russian front in World War II, Rapp heard of Wittgenstein's example, decided to go on playing too. "With me the yearning was so great I felt I never wanted to give up," he began to study the limited repertory, began to get ahead using the Ravel concerto as a staple.

There were others, e.g., Hungary's famed Count Géza Zichy (1840-1924), who wrote his own left-hand works; the modern Czechoslovakian Otakar Hollman, who commissioned Janáček's *Capriccio* in 1926.

Always on the alert for some way to widen his scope, Rapp spotted Prokofiev's left-hand concerto on a list, wrote to his widow in Moscow to ask her for the score. As the music was heard in Berlin last week (with the Metropolitan Opera's Martin Rich conducting), it no longer seemed aggressively modern, as it had to Wittgenstein, but more like an old friend. The whole piece is sprayed with crotchety harmonies, but it always makes the kind of leeway towards a safe harmonic port that is part of Prokofiev's charm. The solo part is no virtuoso standout: contains no smashing chords; it is a kind of foreground commentary on the music as it unfolds. But Pianist Rapp played it lovingly and expertly. "Right after the war, with so many disabled veterans around, I found genuine sympathy among audiences," he says. "Today it has become much more difficult for me. Today's audiences are spoiled by technical perfection and they look for force of expression in addition. The two together are hard enough for a man with two arms."

Stones Set to Music

France is loaded with châteaux, tourists and musicians. Such is the Gallic sense of style that these disparate elements are now combined in an artistic enterprise that is also a moneymaker. The enterprise is called *Son et Lumière* (Sound and Light), and it amounts to setting all those châteaux to music.

The idea functions most impressively at Versailles. At dusk some 2,000 to 8,000 visitors perch quietly on steel folding chairs on the vast graveled terrace, listening to the piquant yet noble strains of an orchestral prelude, the work of Jacques Ibert, distinguished French composer (*Ports of Call*) and former manager of the Paris Opéra. "Here intrigues are woven and romance prevails," proclaims a voice which seems to come from the heart of the château itself (it is the recorded voice of Charles Boyer, via 28 loudspeakers, speaking a text by André Maurois). "Here all France is assembled: not only the court, but also Racine, Boileau, Molière [and] ambassadors from all over the world, who have come to see the greatest King on earth."

Grace After Grandeur. The music goes into an aria by Lully (Louis XIV's favorite composer), sung in a sweetly plaintive soprano voice. From the 17 great windows of the Hall of Mirrors, lights blaze as courtiers chatter and fawn. In the distance a voice proclaims, "Gentlemen, the King!" The monarch's cane clumps louder and louder on the floor as he approaches and a burst of triumphal music rings out as "the greatest King" enters.

Louis XIV grows older. Over a subtle background melody, Madame de Maintenon makes her legendary stab at Madame de Montespan: "Last night I dreamt, Madame, that we were on the grand stairs of Versailles: I was going up; you were



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coming down." The King dies, and several deep orchestral chords seem to roll a tombstone over his entire century. Then Louis XV is on the throne; his meeting with Pompadour is set off by a lilting love song. Music marks a new culture, as from the palace windows twang the pure, shrill notes of the harpsichord. Explains Narrator Boyer: "Grace succeeds grandeur."

Louis XV also dies. After him the deluge—mob shouts, bloodthirsty gutter songs, the *Marseillaise*. The kettledrums in the orchestra knock themselves out producing revolutionary thunder. And then the quieter waltzes of Citizen-King Louis Philippe, a brief reprise of glory under Napoleon the Third, World War I—*La Madoles*, *Tipperary*, *Over There*. Three majestic, mournful booms sound

manding as composing for films and states firmly: "Never again."

But *Son et Lumière* is already seeking new ways to express the French spirit. One plan is to move on from châteaux to a great industrial plant or dam, and set it to hypermodern *musique concrète*.

Boston in Russia

There were cheering crowds and welcoming broadcasts for the arriving travelers. The Boston Symphony Orchestra came to Leningrad last week—the first Western symphony to appear in the Soviet Union. Every Leningrader with enough influence to get his hands on a ticket (12-40 rubles—\$3-\$10) or enough money to pay scalpers' prices (hundreds of rubles) was inside the gold, ivory and plush



CONDUCTOR MUNCH & ORCHESTRA IN LENINGRAD

Tumult, cheers and accolades.

from the percussion section; at each one, the lights fade, and at last the palace is plunged once more into darkness.

Doms After Châteaux. Versailles' *Son et Lumière* is merely the biggest, best known of scores of similar musical spectacles that have cropped up all over France. (In 1953, Versailles' first year some 180,000 people saw it, and by last year the entire original production cost of \$125,000 was paid off.) Georges Van Parys, one of France's best-known movie composers, did the music for the simpler spectacle at Compiègne, the rural pleasure dome of Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie. Other pageants are staged at Avignon, 14th century home of the exiled Popes, at Chénouéux, onetime home of Diane de Poitiers, mistress of Henry II.

For a composer, *Son et Lumière* provides 3% of the seasonal gate receipts and a chance to reach a big audience. But having to stick to the story is tough. Composer Ibert, 65, found it "intriguing to try to make stones speak." He used melodies by composers of the periods as they came up, but more often wrote original music. He finds the job as de-

Philharmonia Hall. Thousands of others heard the music over the radio.

French-born Conductor Charles Munch, his thick, white hair flying in the musical breeze, led his crew through Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Walter Piston's *Sixth*, and, in a specialty that every Munchian audience outside Russia has heard and heard again, Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe, Suite No. 2*. At the end, the crowd let loose an eight-minute tumult, only stopped temporarily when the orchestra went into a rare encore—Dukas' *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Said a leading Russian fiddler: "It's the greatest orchestra in the world."

At week's end, the orchestra went on to wow Moscow with the same program. Joining in the frenzy of enthusiasm were such musical greys as Violinist David Oistrakh. Composers Dmitry Shostakovich, Dmitry Kabalevsky and Aram Khachaturian. Said Khachaturian: "Marvelous, marvelous!"

Actually, Eugene Ormandy's Philadelphia Orchestra—which has been billed as "the greatest" had been invited first, but could not make up (see page 100).



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Comeback

Wall Street bounced back last week from the August slump brought on by the first alarm over the Suez crisis and the Federal Reserve Board's damping down of credit (TIME, Sept. 3). As investors began to pay more heed to good news at home rather than bad news from abroad, the Dow-Jones industrials jumped 5.62 points in the first trading session after Labor Day, one of the biggest gains in months. Wall Streeters took the upswing as a bright omen: the market after Labor Day has often forecast the trend for months to come: e.g., the wartime bull market ended in the week after Labor Day in 1946, the Eisenhower bull market started in late September 1953. The average closed the week at 506.76 v. 502.04 the week before.

The big leaders were aircraft companies and steel. On the New York Stock Exchange, U.S. Steel, Jones & Laughlin, Republic Steel, Crucible Steel and Allegheny Ludlum sold at new highs as mills pushed up to 98% of capacity and the backlog of steel orders assured peak operations for months to come.

More Capacity. To increase production even further, U.S. Steel Corp., which expects to invest \$2.5 billion over the next five years to step up output, last week asked the Government for a fast amortization certificate for a \$94.4 million expansion at its Fairless Works in Morrisville, Pa. Other steelmakers have filed requests for another \$122 million.

Overall, U.S. industry's expenditures for capital improvements in the third quarter are running at an annual clip of \$36.26 billion v. \$29.65 billion this time last year, the Securities and Exchange Commission estimated this week. Despite the high cost

of hiring money, SEC figures the capital improvement rate will jump to \$38 billion in the fourth quarter, more than \$6.5 billion over last year's December quarter. New construction was at a record annual clip of \$44.3 billion v. \$43 billion spent on new construction in all of 1955.

More Rises. Amid this outpouring of bright figures, Washington noted one dark statistic: agricultural prices dropped 3% in the month ended Aug. 15, but were up 2% from August 1955. But other prices, rising on a broad front for the past month kept going higher. Rises were announced in the prices of office typewriters (5% to 12%), in some truck and construction equipment (1.7% to 6%), in the tin plate used for food cans (1.25%). Nevertheless, in August, when most consumer rises went into effect, sales in U.S. department stores were 1% more than the year before.

The auto industry finally climbed out from under its swollen stocks of new cars: inventories were estimated at only about 500,000, and prospects were bright that many dealers would be out of cars before the 1957 models came out. As the automakers started to taper off production for the changeover, they got together to plan their cooperative assault on the public at the New York auto show on Dec. 8, the first time in 16 years that all the car-makers would show off their new models in a national, industry-sponsored show. Among them: Ford Motor Co., which has stayed out of the Automobile Manufacturers Association since Henry Ford boycotted it 43 years ago. To the delight of his competitors (see cut), Henry Ford II was finally welcomed into the fold last week. The optimistic automakers, counting on major body changes to make 1957 a banner year, are planning, as a start, to turn out 1,750,000 cars in this year's fourth quarter.



Peter Stockpole—L.

PAT WEAVER ON BONGO BOARD
His ratings went down.

SHOW BUSINESS

Wide, Wide Shake-Up

When euphoric ideaman Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver was boosted from president to chairman of the board of the National Broadcasting Co. last year, he knew that it was just a matter of time before he would boost himself right out of a job. As president, Pat Weaver's career was as spectacular as the TV "spectaculars" he invented—which were sometimes spectacular flops. He experimented relentlessly and volubly with new ideas (*Wide, Wide World; Monitor; Today*; etc.) that got good critical notices, but NBC's total billings were dragging their heels. As chairman of the board, Weaver was supposed to "work as a team" with new President Robert Sarnoff (TIME, Dec. 19). But he soon discovered that his part of the team-work gave him a lot of spare time for balancing exercises on the bongo board he kept in his office (see cut). Last week Weaver knew that the time to boost himself had come. With a fat NBC severance check for his unexpired contract in his pocket, Weaver resigned, touching off one of the biggest NBC shake-ups in years. As a prologue to further resignations or shifts to come, Sarnoff named from NBC ranks four new executive vice presidents who will report directly to him.

For the immediate future, Weaver planned to sit back and "look at TV with an open mind, evaluate what I have done for NBC." Actually, Weaver has every reason to sit back for a while: he got a



United Press

CHRYSLER'S COLBERT, G.M.'S CURTICE, AMERICAN MOTORS' ROMNEY, FORD'S FORD
Their hopes went up.

TIME CLOCK

\$300,000-plus settlement, but if he goes to work for a rival network before July 1, 1957, he must forfeit about one-fourth of it.

Just before Sarnoff took over as president, NBC had no TV shows in the top ten Trendex ratings, while CBS had nine. Sarnoff was determined to cut away at the TV fabric Weaver had woven, go after more so-called "bread-and-butter" programs. This month NBC has only two (sixth place and a tie for tenth) shows in the top ten. But TV ratings aside, rival network officials concede that Bob Sarnoff is a better administrator than Weaver, who had a penchant for endless inter-office memos. During Sarnoff's first six months in office, NBC's TV hilliness spurted \$10,718,080 (to \$89,529,732) over the same period last year, although NBC is still behind CBS by more than 16 million.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Stars at Farnborough

For all the deafening jets and daring acrobatics, Britain's annual aircraft show at Farnborough last week had precious little new to show in the way of aircraft. Most of the planes were familiar subsonic models, or experimental craft such as Fairey's supersonic Delta, current official speed-record holder (at 1,132 m.p.h.). But while all eyes turned skyward, most of the real stars of Farnborough sat silent in ground exhibits. They were Britain's new aircraft engines. Observed London's *Economist*: "There are more really good engines in Britain today than there are aircraft for them to drive."

By U.S. standards, Britain's enginemakers make but a small dent in world markets. Exports last year amounted to only \$62 million, less than Britain earned from tobacco product sales. But sales are growing rapidly, have increased more than 300% in five years and will probably jump to \$75 million this year. In addition, the industry currently has 14 engines under license for foreign manufacture. The U.S. alone makes eight different types of British power plants, has turned out 15,000 British-licensed engines for 13 types of American planes since World War II, e.g., North American's FJ-4 Fury, Grumman's F11F-1 Tiger, Republic's F-84F Thunderstreak.

Orion & Olympus. At Farnborough last week, most of the big companies had some new engines to display. Bristol Aeroplane Co., whose economical Proteus turboprop powers the new Britannia airliner (*TIME*, Dec. 19), showed off a bigger, 5,000-h.p. Orion version slated for 1959 production and an improved Olympus (turbojet engine rated at a whopping 16,000 lbs. of thrust. De Havilland uncorked a new gadget: a Supersprite rocket engine that weighs only 600 lbs., yet can produce some 4,000 lbs. of thrust for 40 sec. to lift heavily laden planes off short runways.

FIRST BIG WELL in Central America has been brought in by California's Union Oil Co. in Costa Rica. After several dry wells on 3,500,000-acre concession near Panamanian border, Union hit 1,000-bbls.-per-day well at 4,950 ft. Union considers find "of tremendous importance," will next start drilling on 350,000-acre concession in Panama.

BOEING JETLINERS will go into service on Australia's Qantas Empire Airways. For \$50 million, Qantas will buy seven long-range, 550-m.p.h. Boeing 707s, get its first deliveries in May 1959 for Pacific and Australia-London routes, expects to be first foreign line to operate U.S. jet equipment. Looking the other direction, New England's little Northeast Airlines, which recently won rich New York-to-Florida route, says it will probably buy from five to seven British Bristol Britannia turboprops at cost of \$20 million.

HORSEPOWER RACE among carmakers is over, at least in the ads. Though automakers will nudge horsepower on new 1957 models up another 5% to 10%, the increasing criticism from Congress and safety experts will change the advertising pitch from zoom to room. Other 1957 talking points: increased fuel economy, more safety features, longer, lower styling.

RED CHINESE TOBACCO is threatening U.S. overseas markets. Communists have hiked production almost 200% since prewar days, are currently exporting 100 million lbs. annually of flue-cured leaf, more than 20% of U.S. total.

FOOTSOLE MAILMEN will get welcome relief. Post Office is calling for bids for 1,500 three-wheeled motor scooters (painted red, white and blue) for postmen in residential areas where houses are widely spaced. Also coming, for carriers whose routes are not quite so long: 2,000 bicycles, 6,000 aluminum caddy carts.

ADVERTISING VOLUME will smash all records in 1956, predicts *Printers' Ink*. With all media ex-

cept radio showing big increases, total volume should top \$10 billion this year for \$800 million jump over 1955's previous peak of \$9.2 billion.

ATOMIC CRUISER ENGINE for first nuclear-powered surface vessel will be built by Westinghouse Electric Corp. at a cost of \$18.3 million. Engine is slated to go into light cruiser armed with guided missiles some time after 1960.

BIGGEST IRON PIPEMAKER, Pittsburgh's A. M. Byers Co. (nine-month net sales: \$23 million), will be taken over by Akron's General Tire & Rubber Co., fifth biggest U.S. rubber company. In stock swap after long negotiations, General Tire has acquired about 75% of Byers' stock, will expand production and push it into General's booming plastics business.

MEAT-PACKING CENTER will be built in Houston, in hope of rivaling Omaha and Chicago as centers of U.S. meat industry. Group of 35 civic boosters with 650 acres of land north of city have swung one deal for Armour & Co. to build estimated \$20 million slaughterhouse and packing plant on property, another for Chicago's Oscar Mayer & Co. to build similar "multimillion-dollar" plant.

FARM-MACHINERY slump has pushed Tractormaker J. I. Case (six-month loss: \$4,771,000) into heavy-construction and road-building field. After giving up idea of merging with Minneapolis-Moline and Oliver Corp., Case is going outside farm-implement industry to merge with Indiana's small (nine-month sales: \$7,600,000) American Tractor Corp., will take over its plants and patents to produce heavy crawler tractors and earth-moving machinery.

UNDERWATER CABLE will link British and French electric power systems. To cost \$11 million and be in operation by 1960, under-Channel cable will save British coal by tapping French hydroelectric resources, will also help France in time of drought by bringing in British power.

The highest star was Rolls-Royce, whose plane engines bear the same mark of quality as its princely autos. The most successful private enginemaker in Europe, Rolls developed the famed Merlin piston engine for the R.A.F.'s scrappy Spitfire and Hurricane fighters, got out ahead in jets when it took over development of Sir Frank Whittle's first workable jet. The company was one of the first in turboprops with its Dart engine (1,750 h.p.), which is a main reason for Vickers' spectacular success (total sales: 353 planes) with its Viscount airliner (*TIME*, Jan. 3, 1955). As for Rolls' pure jet engines, its latest Avon turbojet is rated at better than 10,000 lbs. of thrust, not only powers a

wide range of military craft in Britain, but is also reaching out for civilian markets, will be in de Havilland's redesigned Comet IV jetliner.

The Bypass. But Rolls' most promising engine is its improved Conway bypass jet,* which it claims turns up 13,000 lbs. of thrust from a power plant that is both lighter and more economical than its U.S. competitors in the big jet field, such as Pratt & Whitney's J-57 and J-75. So far

* A jet engine with an additional duct through which some air from the compressor bypasses the combustion chamber to re-enter the jet stream aft of the turbine, thus increasing thrust without using more fuel.

THE COTTON SURPLUS

New Hope for a Permanent Cure

OLD King Cotton has been sick for years, and getting progressively worse. But now, for the first time since the Korean war, there are hopeful signs of recovery. In the 1956-57 marketing year the staggering cotton surplus, currently at an alltime record 14.1 million bales, is expected to level off or perhaps even decline a bit. More important, the Government is trying new medicines on cotton, all aimed at effecting a permanent cure in the years to come.

Last week the U.S. Export-Import Bank lent Japan \$60 million to be used for importing more raw cotton from the U.S. The loan was one part of a broad program designed to boost both overseas and domestic consumption while holding down production. The goal for 1956-57 is a 20%-25% increase over total cotton sales in 1955-56 by doubling exports to 4,500,000 bales while keeping domestic consumption at last year's 9,200,000-bale level or even increasing it. With flexible price supports between 75% and 90% of parity, Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson hopes that minimum acreage allotments (17.4 million acres in 1957) and marketing quotas (11 million bales) will hold next year's crop to 13 million bales, or about this year's level. Furthermore, under the new soil-bank program Benson hopes that farmers will increase the number of acres taken out of production well beyond last year's 1,064,000-acre total. Though some cottonmen fear that only the poorest acreage will be allowed to lie fallow, and that farmers will produce as much as ever by working their remaining acres harder, most applaud the program.

The biggest battle will be fought in the world market, where the U.S. has been taking its worst beating. The U.S. hopes to dispose of much of the surplus by stepping up grants and loans to underdeveloped nations, selling the rest. Though the U.S. is flatly against "dumping," i.e., selling at any price, it has moved into world markets with a big program to dispose of some 7,000,000 bales of high-grade Government-owned cotton abroad at competitive world prices by subsidizing U.S. exporters, has already sold 3,000,000 bales. On the total, the U.S. stands to lose as much as \$220 million (it paid 32¢ per lb. for the cotton, can sell it for, at most, 25¢ to 26¢ per lb.).

Heavy exports of cotton at world prices may reduce U.S. raw-cotton supplies, but they will also boost foreign production of cheap finished textiles—to the detriment of competing U.S.

manufacturers, who still pay U.S. prices. The Government's answer is still another program: textile exporters will get a 6.58¢-per-lb. subsidy on cotton products made for export, will thus be able to cut prices to compete in world markets.

While many cottonmen cry for higher tariffs or strict import quotas, the Administration is determined not to give in. Textilemen want protection, demand restrictions on Japan, which is "flooding" domestic markets with cheap finished cotton goods, forcing the closing of some U.S. mills. Actually, Japanese exports to the U.S. are barely 2½% of the U.S. cotton-goods market. Moreover, Japan is also one of cotton's best customers, bought \$120 million worth of raw cotton last year from the U.S. To still the protests, the U.S. has worked out agreements for voluntary curbs, e.g., Japan has pledged to limit exports to the U.S. of cotton cloth, blouses.

Overall, the hope is to cut the current 14.1 million bale surplus to a manageable 4,000,000 bales by 1959. But few cotton economists are that hopeful or think that any Government program alone can offer a final solution. The real answer is for Old King Cotton to grow up to the new U.S. industrial revolution. With mechanized farming methods, the U.S. currently produces more cotton on 17 million acres than it did on 36 million acres in 1930. Yet efficient growers cannot take advantage of their progress because cotton has been grown under an uneconomically high. Government-supported price system favoring the small marginal farmer. Cotton economists are convinced that the marginal farmer must get out of cotton to make way for the big mechanized producer, who can farm vast tracts of land on the Texas plains, California's well-irrigated valleys or Mississippi's rich delta lands—and do it at such a low cost that he can compete, without government subsidies, with both synthetic fibers and foreign cotton.

Textilemakers themselves must also build up new markets. Cotton consumption has held steady at some 9,000,000 bales annually for the past decade, while consumption of almost everything else has greatly increased. Says Dr. McDonald K. Horne Jr., chief economist of the National Cotton Council: "We need very much to invest new money in research, to do some long-range planning. The auto industry gives power steering, while we wear old shirts and look like the devil. We haven't met the test."

Rolls has sold 48 Conways to Trans-Canada Airlines. Lufthansa and Air-India International for their U.S.-built jetliners. Another tempting Rolls development for commercial airmen at Farmborough is a reverse-thrust unit which cuts landing run 50%, will thus open up many short-runway commercial fields to jet transports. Says Rolls-Royce Engine Chief James Pearson: "We are too big to exist on British aircraft alone. Only 5% of the planes flying world air routes are powered by our engines. We think 50% is a reasonable figure, and we are looking forward to it."

Double-Dealer

Dino Gentili, 55, is a rich exporter-importer who has one of the most grandiose homes in Milan, a gilded opera box at La Scala, a villa at Portofino, three racy sports cars, and eight companies



TRADER GENTILI

Profits from Mao, cash for Nenni.

worth \$1,600,000. He is also a Red-hot Marxist and a major character in a matter of increasing concern to the U.S.: Western Europe's mounting exchange with Red China. In the four years since Dino Gentili clamped a half nelson on Italy's China trade, he has pushed it from almost zero to \$1,000,000-plus a month. Italy has now climbed to third place (behind Britain and West Germany) among Western European nations in trade with the Chinese mainland.

Rayon & Beans. Exporter Gentili, who also dabbles in politics (he ran unsuccessfully for the Italian Senate in 1948 and 1953), was approached in 1952 by Communist Leader Spartaco Muratori, then bossing a chain of party-owned firms that handle more than half of Italy's \$123 million yearly East-West trade. Muratori made a deal with Gentili to take over the party's China trade. Two months later Peking gave Gentili an order for 7,000 cases of rayon fiber, paid him off with a shipload of soybeans, which he

CAST IRON IS AGELESS

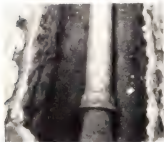
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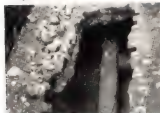
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sold in Antwerp. Later Gentili was made the sole Italian agent for China's major trading company, and Muratori was dispatched to Peking to operate as Gentili's contact from an office at 98 Hsi Chiao Min Hsiang.

Ever since, business has been booming, though Gentili has been blacklisted by the U.S., and the Italian government refuses to grant him import or export licenses. He has built a fortune by arranging deals between China and Italian suppliers. Through Gentili they ship textiles, chemicals, pharmaceuticals and other nonstrategic items, although the Milan right-wing daily, *La Patria*, charged that Contact Man Muratori is "a notorious trafficker in strategic materials to the Soviet bloc." Gentili repays the Reds doubly for his virtual monopoly by pouring much of his profit into the treasury of the Communist-leaning Italian Socialist Party of his good friend Pietro Nenni. (Gentili's contributions to Nenni in this year's May election: a reported \$1,250,000.)

Metals & Machines. Last spring Gentili shepherded to China a party of top industrialists, including some from the huge Montecatini chemical group and the Farmitalia agricultural implements combine. They closed \$15 million in contracts for the sale of fertilizer, rayon and other nonstrategic items. Regally received by Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, Gentili himself won agreements for the export of strategic metals, machinery and tractors—if and when Italy lifts her embargo on strategic exports to China. Gentili is now busily lining up export-hungry Italian businessmen to try to do just that.

Italy's government takes a dim view of any such move. Although the China trade could become more important, Rome realizes that it will never amount to more than a fraction of Italy's trade with the West. Said one Italian official last week: "The Communists could conceivably flog their people to death to get money for foreign purchases. But how long can a market of that sort last?"

TRAVEL

Henry's Thatched Huts

Most tourists who step off the boat in Honolulu slip into a bathing suit and make straightway for Waikiki beach to lie in the sun. But not Henry J. Kaiser, 74. As a vacationing tourist two years ago, he took one look at Waikiki beach and decided things could be improved. Said Kaiser: "I figure just about everybody wants to travel to Hawaii, but facilities have not kept pace." Since then, Facsetter Kaiser (29 Kaiser companies, \$775 million in annual sales) has been having the time of his life playing with his newest toy, a multimillion-dollar playground called Hawaiian Village. This week Kaiser announced he was starting construction of a bright 14-story, \$5,000,000 hotel addition.

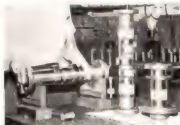
"Polynesian Toy." In partnership with Colleague Fritz Burns, Kaiser first bought a somewhat rundown hotel next to Waikiki beach. Within four months he



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ROUTE OF THE EAGLES



had ripped down the hotel, put up in its place 24 hotel bungalows, three swimming pools, a nightclub and bar. To be sure that his new toy was authentic, he used Polynesian architecture and décor (tiki gods, Hawaiian and Oriental furnishings, yards of tapa cloth, thousands of sea shells), had a Samoan Mormon colony thatch the bungalow roofs by hand. In the village's color scheme, he put heavy emphasis on coral pink. Said Kaiser: "Pink gives you a joyous feeling."

When he had decked out his Polynesian playground with a profusion of palm trees and exotic plants, Kaiser was ready to play. But something was missing. He needed a beach of his own. To get the

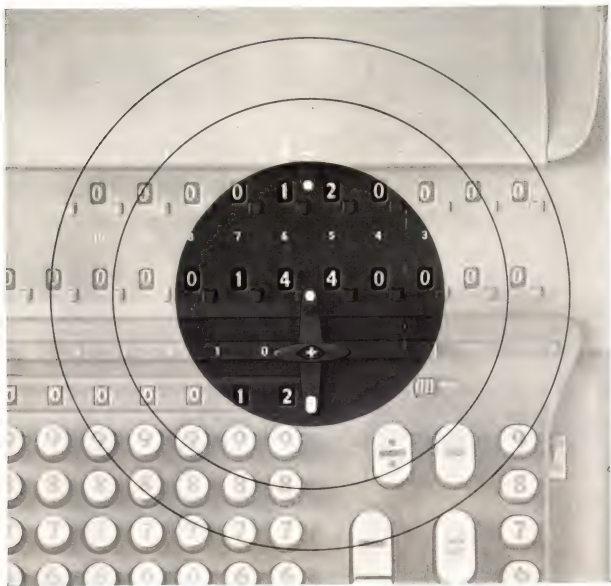


Werner Say-Camero Hawaii
HOTELMAN KAISER (ON DRUMS)
"Pink gives you a joyous feeling."

coral for a beach base, Kaiser dredged a lagoon (wangling the necessary permission, including an act of Congress). In the center of the lagoon, he placed a tiny island. When he surfaced off his beach with 10,000 cu. yds. of sand, Kaiser owned the widest beach in Waikiki, named it after Duke Kahanamoku, onetime Hawaiian swimming champ.

Bongo Bongo. Dressed sometimes in a business suit, sometimes in a gay sports shirt and slacks, Henry Kaiser charges all over his 18-acre resort to make decisions and supervise projects personally. Blueprints in hand, he pursues carpenters up scaffolds, sets deadlines for each project and sees to it that they are met. He even participates in floor-show rehearsals, is not above taking a turn at the bongo drums (see cut).

In rapid succession Kaiser has added a second unit of two-floor cabanas, a baseball diamond for Little Leaguers, a 1,000-seat convention hall, a second nightclub, shops, a dining room and beach club. Next on Kaiser's toy pile: an aluminum-domed arena to house a radio and color TV station, a movie sound stage, a theater in the round, a combination ice rink



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because you keep them in a safe. Unless that safe bears the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label, it would probably just incinerate your records. And a fireproof building would simply wall-in the fire, make it hotter.

Fire insurance? To collect fully, remember you have to produce "proof-of-loss within 60 days"—pretty tough without records.

The risk is too great—don't take it. 43 out of 100 firms that lose their records in

a fire never reopen! If your safe is old, or doesn't bear the Underwriters' label—*replace it!* Get the safe that has *never failed*—the famous Mosler "A" Label Record Safe. It's the world's best protection.

Find out how little it costs to own the *best*. Look up Mosler in the phone book. Arrange to see a Mosler Safe in the size and style your office needs. Or mail coupon on NEXT PAGE for free 24-page booklet, "How to Be Sure Your Safe Is a Safe Place for Your Records."



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and supper club, an 1,800-seat auditorium. When asked how he is going to make the aluminum dome look Polynesian, Kaiser replied confidently: "I'll stick living palm trees through the roof."

AVIATION

Supersonic Bomber

At plants 1,100 miles apart last week General Dynamics' Convair Division gave the U.S. a peek at two new developments in the deadly art of aerial warfare, one over sea, one over land. From San Diego, Convair's giant R4V-2 Tradewind turboprop transport went aloft as the Navy's newest flying boat tanker, packing enough fuel for eight swept-wing jets as they snuggled up, four at a time, behind trailing funnel-fitted hoses. Even bigger news was Convair's new B-58 Hustler bomber, a plane eight years in development as the

as it looks. Convair is in line for a whopping big order and a pat on the back. Where most U.S. planemakers just build the air frame, then fit on whatever armament, radar etc. that the Air Force orders, Convair's B-58 is the first U.S. aircraft to be built under the new "weapons-system" concept, where the prime contractor is responsible for everything (except engines). On a plane as complex as the Hustler, the new system can save as much as three years in development time.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Roadside Telegrams. Motorists en route from Paris to Nice, Bordeaux or Calais can receive messages by means of huge billboards put up by Esso service stations. Telegrams are addressed to "Au-



CONVAIR'S B-58 HUSTLER
Anywhere from 1,000 m.p.h. to 1,400.

nation's first truly supersonic long-range bomber. At Fort Worth, a cameraman for the *Star-Telegram* snapped a picture of the Hustler as it was rolled out of the hangar for its first ground tests and test flight.

The plane looks like a bigger, burlier version of Convair's supersonic F-102 jet fighter interceptor: like the F-102, it has a needle-nosed, coke-bottle fuselage with sharply swept delta wings and high-shark-fin tail. The Hustler appears to be about 100 ft. long, 60 ft. from wingtip to wingtip, roughly comparable to the current Air Force stand-by, Boeing's 600 m.p.h. B-47 medium bomber. But where the B-47 has six General Electric J-47 (5,800 lbs. of thrust) engines, Convair's new B-58 gets its supersonic hustle from only four General Electric J-79s, with an estimated thrust of more than 12,000 lbs. each. Estimated speed of the Hustler: between 1,000 m.p.h. and 1,400 m.p.h.

So far Convair has a \$400 million development contract for a small number of planes. But if the Hustler proves as good

as it looks, Convair is in line for a whopping big order and a pat on the back. Where most U.S. planemakers just build the air frame, then fit on whatever armament, radar etc. that the Air Force orders, Convair's B-58 is the first U.S. aircraft to be built under the new "weapons-system" concept, where the prime contractor is responsible for everything (except engines). On a plane as complex as the Hustler, the new system can save as much as three years in development time.

Freight Shrinker. A freight-car Shrinker to cut cargo damage in railroad cars (last year American railroads paid more than \$68 million in claims) was announced by New York Inventor Glenn F. Wilkes. The Shrinker is a movable steel bulkhead at each end of a freight car. As the cargo starts to shift in transit, the bulkhead automatically forces it back in place through a system of cogs and springs.

Underwater Loudspeaker. A small watertight loudspeaker for divers and frogmen, which will transmit a human voice from 60 ft. to 100 ft. under water, was brought out by Italian Engineer Angelo Pez. Although the U.S. Navy already uses similar equipment with a greater voice range, Pez expects to find a ready consumers' market for his Vocesub.



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"It's such a lovely relief from rehearsals to go a-Rambling through this beautiful country. The only trouble is I have to hide the keys to keep the rest of the cast from running off with it. I can't get over the roominess. It carries not only most of the cast and all our baggage, but many of the 'props' for the show as well, on our 'Rambles' from the Poconos to Cape Cod to Maine. It's a beauty!"

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MILESTONES

Married. Carol Elaine Channing, 35, raucous, outsize (5 ft. 9 in., 136 lbs.) musical comedy zany whose who-me? expression and wild dancing wowed Broadway in 1949's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; and Charles Franklin Lowe, 38, Hollywood adman; she for the third time, he for the first; in Boulder City, Nev.

Died. Charles Jules Lowen Jr., 41, U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administrator, who fought since his appointment last December for an improved air-traffic control system, saw his arguments horribly strengthened when 125 persons died in the crash of two airliners over the Grand Canyon (TIME, July 9); of cancer, one day after the CAA announced a reorganization designed to speed establishment of a \$246 million flight control network; in Denver.

Died. Anthony Harry (Tony) Leviero, 50, hard-plugging New York *Times* Washington correspondent (at the White House and Pentagon), who won a Pulitzer Prize for his Administration-leaked newshunt on President Truman's 1950 Wake Island meeting with General MacArthur; of a heart attack; in Pittsfield, Mass.

Died. Dr. Otto Yulievich Schmidt, 64, tall, stoop-shouldered Russian explorer, who led the first expedition to sail the ice-clogged passage from Archangel to the Bering Strait in one season (1932); after long illness; in Moscow.

Died. Mario Ponzio, 71, cancer researcher and professor of radiology (since 1936) at the University of Turin, who underwent 19 operations to delay his inevitable death from radium burns suffered in his experiments. In 1955 was awarded Italy's highest honor, the Gold Medal for Valor; in Turin, Italy.

Died. Elsie Robinson, 73, gushy, widely read Hearst world whose syndicated column "Listen, World!" began twanging heartstrings in 1924, continued to re-sound after she was permanently bedridden following a 1940 accident; in San Francisco.

Died. Francis Anthony (Frank) Nixon 77, father of Vice President Richard Milhous Nixon, onetime telephone lineman who settled in California, married Hannah Milhous (1908), became a successful storekeeper; of lung congestion, 13 days after the rupture of an abdominal artery suffered the day of his son's renomination; in Whittier, Calif.

Died. Rupert Hughes, 84, thickset, jowly Jack-of-all-literary-trades, who wrote some 50 books, including a candid, controversial biography, *George Washington* (three volumes, 1926, '27, '30) that "attacked the fables about him... cheap substitutes for great achievements," cranked out dozens of short stories, movie scripts, plays, musical compositions; in Los Angeles.

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example, has spent \$107,000,000 on expansion since World War II and is currently spending \$100,000 per day to further increase the supply of Lehigh Cements.

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CINEMA

Box Office

The ten most popular movies in the U.S. last month, according to *Variety*:

- 1) *High Society* (M-G-M)
- 2) *The King and I* (20th Century-Fox)
- 3) *The Eddy Duchin Story* (Columbia)
- 4) *Away All Boats* (Universal)
- 5) *Moby Dick* (Warner)
- 6) *The Seven Wonders of the World* (Independent)
- 7) *Pardners* (Paramount)
- 8) *Oklahoma!* (Magna)
- 9) *Somebody Up There Likes Me* (M-G-M)
- 10) *Cinemas Holiday* (Independent)

The New Pictures

Satellite in the Sky (Warner) is the sort of thing the British usually do very well done very badly. An attempt to duplicate the amazing authenticity of such films as *Breaking the Sound Barrier*, it parades plot and props (including an enormous knocked-up spaceship) that could have been scissored by a small boy from the back of a cereal box. Its improbabilities do not begin or end with an unlikely character named Lefty who appears to pen notes with his right hand.

With less preparation than it takes to get a family of four off on a beach expedition, Her Majesty's Government sets out to fire a rocketship past the pull of earth's gravity, and at the same time touch off the world's first T-1 bomb, which is too big to be exploded on earth. A girl reporter (Lois Maxwell, about the only structurally sound object in *Satellite*) stows away on the unguarded vessel.

Science-minded viewers will find much to object to; e.g., in space the crewmen are heavy as sacks of potatoes while inside the ship, become weightless when they clamber outside to make repairs.

Otherwise, *Satellite* is rocket-shipshape with searching dialogue ("You knew the rocket was my job when you married me"), a crisis (the bomb sticks to the ship's hull), an added scientist (Donald Wolfelt), and a final clinch between Reporter Maxwell and craggy-browed Pilot Kieron Moore. After 85 harrowing minutes *Satellite* makes port, leaving the corn barrier sadly shattered.

The Bad Seed (Warner) offers moviegoers a new sort of murderer: a crafty, cold-blooded, eight-year-old blonde. Pig-tailed Patty McCormack has beautiful manners, a sweetly sensitive mother (Nancy Kelly) and a doting father (William Hopper). But accidents happen to the people around her. There was the nice old lady who fell down a flight of stairs—and the little classmate who won a penmanship medal Patty wanted, and then was found mysteriously drowned at a school picnic. Patty was the last to see either of them alive.

Nancy Kelly is troubled by these occurrences. When she finds the penmanship medal hidden in Patty's drawer, suspicion

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grows sharper, and she wrings a confession from Patty in a shattering cross-examination. Nor do the revelations come singly. Nancy has long had doubts about her paternity, and now her middle-class world collapses as she discovers that her own mother was a mass-murderer who had fled justice. Even worse, she must face these mountainous horrors alone, since her husband has been called out of town.

While Nancy is bewilderingly facing up to the truth, little Patty is coolly taking the measure of another victim, a feeble-minded janitor (Henry Jones), who thinks he is teasing the child in blaming her for her class-mate's death. Probably the most chilling moment is when Jones discovers—too late—that his joking accusation is



KELLY & McCORMACK
The corpses mount up.

true. Before he can properly defend himself, Patty has burned him alive.

In William March's original novel, and in the Broadway hit adapted from it by Maxwell Anderson, this Gothic fable had a certain ghoulish conviction. While the theory that criminal tendencies can be inherited from criminal parents is ridiculous biology, it makes for bloodcurdling drama. To wipe what she believes is her tainted blood from the earth, the mother tries to kill herself and her daughter. In the novel and the play her suicide was successful, and the story's irony lay in the fact that the lethal child recovered with no one suspecting her crimes. Producer-Director Mervyn LeRoy clearly felt that that was too strong meat to serve moviegoers. In his film, both mother and daughter are saved by modern medicine, and then God steps in with a convenient thunderbolt to erase little Patty.

In other matters, however, Director LeRoy has been overly faithful to the play script. Actors march on and off the screen just as if they were making stage entrances and exits. Eileen Heckart, as the bereft mother of Patty's schoolmate, sobbs through two long hysterical scenes that may have been effective theater but



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are merely repetitious film. And, as the horrors and corpses mount up (Patty is planning a fourth murder when the thunderbolt gets her), what had been eerie becomes ludicrous. At the film's end, LeRoy makes his final obeisance to the stage: all the characters smilingly take their bows, and Nancy Kelly—as she did during curtain calls on Broadway—puts Patty across her knee and gives her a spanking.

The Ambassador's Daughter [United Artists] Resolved: that a G.I. in Paris who has picked up a French model will act like a perfect gentleman. To this suppositious premise, Producer-Writer-Director Norman (Dear Ruth) Krasna devotes 102 Technicolored minutes of debate. The affirmative is passionately upheld by Olivia de Havilland, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador to France, who archly masquerades as a Dior mannequin to prove her point. The negative is defended by Adolphe Menjou, who plays a U.S. Senator determined to have Paris declared off limits to G.I.s, presumably on the grounds that it is too good for them.

To keep the argument going, Krasna brings onscreen those familiar enlisted men: the serious-minded, college-bred sergeant (John Forsythe) and his comical, nearly illiterate sidekick (Tommy Noonan), a pair whose tastes are so completely at variance that only Hollywood would think of them as buddies. Forsythe and Olivia romp through a standard Parisian romance—up the Eiffel Tower and down to the caves; along the Seine for love-making; to Notre Dame and the fashion shows. Along the way are substandard complications: Forsythe thinks Olivia has stolen his wallet; Olivia thinks Forsythe is trying to seduce her; Forsythe, eavesdropping on Olivia and her father (Edward Arnold), thinks they are lovers. But they triumph over these tedious misunderstandings and win through to love and marriage. It serves them right.

CURRENT & CHOICE

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some of the best battle pieces ever seen on film; starring Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brands and corrals expert Comedienne Marilyn Monroe in a rowdy version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

La Strada. A bittersweet fable about a half-wit girl and a brutal carnival strongman; with Anthony Quinn and Giulietta Masina (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. The lavish musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

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BOOKS

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THE UNICORN AND OTHER POEMS (86 pp.)—Anne Morrow Lindbergh—Pantheon (\$2.75).

"And when I cannot write a poem, I bake biscuits and feel just as pleased," wrote Anne Morrow Lindbergh lightly in her bestselling *Gift from the Sea* (TIME, Mar. 21, 1955). But writing poetry has been a serious concern of Mrs. Lindbergh's since her girlhood. "When I was young, I felt so small And frightened, for the world was tall," ran one of her early verses. The poems of her 30s and 40s, collected here for the first time, show that, as she grew out of those girlish fears, she also grew to be courageously at home in the world. Her courage is often colored with resignation, she is still looking for answers and praying for strength, but these poems are, on the whole, triumphant celebrations of life, love, death and, through them all, the "beauty of earth and air and sea."

Some of her poems bring an ache to the throat, remembered beauty to the eye, music to the ear, a fresh tack to familiar musings. Some do less. Mothers of five children are rarely the stuff of which great poets are made, as Mrs. Lindbergh herself has pointed out. Her prose is often markedly poetic; at times her poems are prosaic. But if artistry and eloquence occasionally flag, sensibility never does. At their best, her lines flash with beauty and brightness, and like

*A sail, spark-white upon the space of sea,
Can pin a whole horizon into place.*



Leonard McCulloch—L.A.

POET LINDBERGH

When I was young, I felt so small."



Brown Brothers

GRACE & HAL LEWIS, 1916

"Princess, princess, come and take the road with me."

Carol Kennicott's Story

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE (335 pp.)—Grace Hegger Lewis—Harcourt, Brace (\$5.75).

The sad point of *Babbitt* was not so much that Zenith's leading realtor was a philistine, but that he half knew it and hankered vaguely after something more than the life of a rich land shark.

The sad point about *Main Street* was that Carol Kennicott knew that Gopher Prairie was full of philistines, but did not understand that Chanel No. 5 would never root a gopher from its hole.

There was something of Babbitt in his creator, Sinclair Lewis, and there was something of Carol Kennicott in his first wife, Grace Hegger Lewis. Gracie was, Lewis once wrote, "all the good part of Carol." This lends an uncommon interest to what would otherwise be a commonplace biography—Grace's account of her years with "Hal."

The facts of Lewis' life are well known, but Grace Lewis, now sixtyish, gives them an extra dimension of pity and the kind of patronage the best of women give to a lost, once-loved husband.

Grace Was a Lady. She met Harry Sinclair Lewis after he had come to Manhattan from his native Sauk Center, Minn., via Yale. It happened in 1912 when young Hal—his friends called him "Red" for his thin, gingerish thatch—saw a lady across a tearoom. It was Grace Hegger, daughter of a Catholic German-American art dealer. She had golden hair, a job on *Vogue*, and she brought out the romantic in Hal, who wrote her some of the goofiest poetry boy ever wrote girl:

*Princess, princess, silver maiden,
Throw your casement open; see—
On the terrace I am singing;
Come and take the road with me!*

The princess did, and it was a long, rough road. But Gracie makes clear that young Hal's romanticism persisted, and that it gave him a place from which he could see his own America with an outside eye.

Being a Famoser. The couple went to Sauk Center to visit the family and found themselves strangers, whereupon Lewis turned his home town into *Main Street*, an overnight literary sensation. Lewis was then 35, and Gracie thinks fame came too early. He and Gracie and their 3-year-old son Wells (named for H.G.) took ship for England and the captain of the *Carmania* asked them to sit at his table. "Jeezus!" cried Lewis in the very accents of Main Street. "There's something to this being a Famoser!"

He met everyone from Oshert Sitwell to Lady Astor, and of course Wells met Wells. The British were eager to see in *Main Street* support for the comforting conviction that Americans, though rich, were a pretty uncouth lot. So Lewis was warmly received but not all appreciated his japeries. When he met some prominent Irishmen, his notion of humor was to sing a funny song about Christ walking on the water. Lewis insisted on doing imitations at dinner, and they went on too long. He even fancied he resembled Bernard Shaw and bought a wig at Clarkson's, the theatrical wigmaker, to improve his Shaw impersonation (the older clown was not amused).

You Are the Cream. Gracie put up with this sort of thing and much more. After all, Hal was not as bad as that young F. Scott Fitzgerald. But sadness enters the book as Lewis begins to struggle with the intangibles of his trade. He never developed anything but the vaguest philosophy. The man who had been America's topographer never mastered its geology. Under flattery and attention, Lewis began to show signs of egocentricity. Mrs. Lewis



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sadly records how the writer who had driven himself ("Where do I work?" was the first question he asked of a new house), began to drive others. Friends were taken up and thrown off. He drank like a fish. He called women in the middle of the night to talk until dawn.

The marriage, Gracie says delicately, was "dissolved." Actually, she got a plain Reno divorce in 1928, lived to marry a New York investment counselor named Tellesforo Casanova. After a few years she wrote a novel setting Hal and the world to rights about the whole thing. The book was called *Half a Loaf*, and its heroine remarked, after leaving her writer-husband: "She had licked the cream off the milk pail; she had had the fresh half of the loaf." Twenty-five years later Gracie evidently thinks that bland diet not so bad.

As for the end of the real Lewis—still drinking, restless and unhappy about God and man—Gracie has little to say except to quote his second wife, Dorothy Thompson: "Maybe Sinclair Lewis did not love God. But I am sure that God loves him."

The gallantry of an ex-wife could go no further. Not the least charming thing about this book is that Grace Hegger Lewis seems utterly unconscious of how irritating a good woman can be. Few will grudge her right to say the last word because she has said it gracefully; yet the traditional artist-wife dilemma intrudes through the narrative. Gracie wanted a home and Lewis wanted anything but.

She gave her hostage to fortune in their one child, Wells, who grew up to write a novel while at Harvard, was killed in action as a U.S. officer in World War II, at the age of 25. In his childhood he was shuttled between expensive pillar and push post King George V "saluted" him as he rode in London's Rotten Row until he came to look at his famous father with a cool eye. He would brace himself to lecture him on the evils of drink only to find the unpredictable Hal had become his sober, fascinating self again. The boy's judgement still stands: "Father's a bit difficult at times, but I love the old bastard."

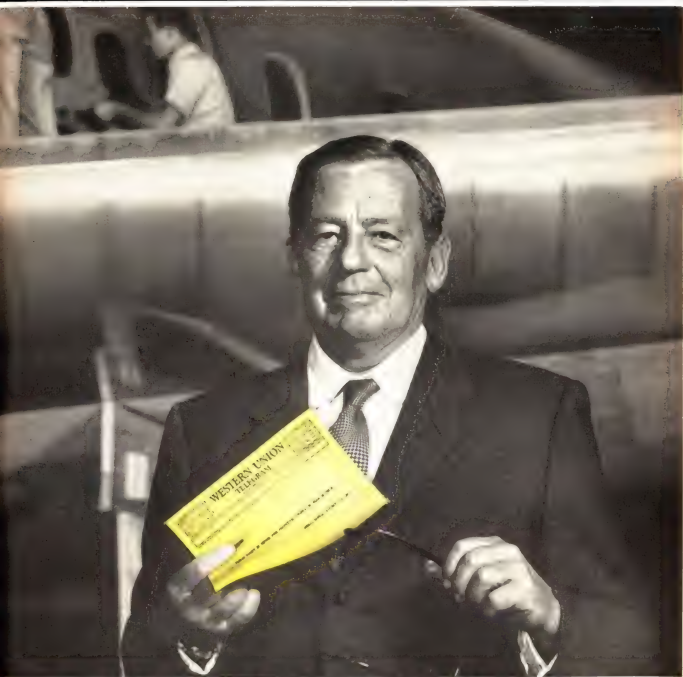
Cockney Quixote

ONE SWEETS NEVER DIE (224 pp.)
—Wolf Mankowitz — Atlantic-Little, Brown \$3.50.

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* So called from the Kaiser's legendary assessment of Britain's military strength: "contemptible little army."



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fellow recalls the recruiting poster of World War I, "Kitchener Wants You," and adds his sardonic comment: "He's about the only bastard what does."

The old soldier's only surviving name is "Old Cock," and his last surviving grip on Britain's economy is a job as curator of a rubbish dump in London's bombed-out East End. Slightly addled but still marvelously eloquent after his life in the trenches, Old Cock has one friend, known only as "Arp" (from the initials on his Air Raid Precautions uniform jacket). A bomb had deprived Arp of everything—house, family, name, memory and speech. But Old Cock talks enough for two—his language flows like pig's ear in a boozier on Saturday night and is rich as



Camera Press—Pix

NOVELIST MANKOWITZ

Spit on bowler-hatted Picklewaters!

hot gammon. In a country of free teeth he has only five blackened stumps ("tombstones") and possesses nothing much but a cherished tapeworm, which he "gasses" with liberal quantities of raw onion. But his friendship with Arp glows like the lavatory float of "valuable copper" in a desert of uncommercial junk.

Bowlers & Rozzers. Novelist Mankowitz evidently sets up these two old human ruins as symbols of man's condition on earth, with well-meaning officials as their natural enemies. The officials are the book's runts and spivs and riffraff—the ones who have fared best under the Welfare State. Old Cock pegs them down (to quote the most printable of his memorable vocabulary) as bowler-hatted, beany-eyed, lousy, bootlicking Picklewaters. The old man is quite a social thinker. After one brush with authority—represented by an arrogant doorman—he reflects: "If we have to take to wearing bowlers before we can get a bit of simple cooperation from our fellow-man, who shall not be spat on from a mighty height?"

The novel's plot concerns Old Cock's attempts to hold on to his job and to keep



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Arp secure in his Nissen hut, located on the edge of the garbage dump. Among his adversaries are not only the city authorities and the garbage men (who have no respect for a well-conducted dump), but a film company run by a madly implausible American operator named Claygate Corst. Though Corst doesn't have "enough do-remi in his pocket to acquire a second-hand mouse-trap," he takes over the decayed movie studios next to the dump. At this point the whimsicality that infects British writers when they deal with cockneys unfortunately takes over the novel. Old Cock arrays himself in a junkpile suit of armor and routs the rozzers, crying in his version of Shakespeare: "Here I come, you lousy whoresons!"

"You'll pay for it," they shout back. "I always have," Old Cock replies. "I always paid for me pleasure and I always bloody well will." So yelling, he knocks the helmet off one purple-faced bobby.

Beer & Baccy. However this bit of fancy does not occur before Old Cock has duly delivered himself of a few well-rounded reflections on the "Socialist mob, the thieving upstarts," and stated his *Weltanschauung*: "Cutting the cackle, it's a bloody washout in which the baby is thrown out with the bathwater and devil take all. Talk about Rights, What Rights? Then I will tell you . . . the right of an Englishman true-born and free to get his beer and baccy, his java, bread and scrape, plum-and-apple, cut off the joint and choice of two veg . . . good things sent in plenty from heaven above but niggled into pigeon holes by charity charlies with scrag-end notions of that arithmetical dead loss and bad debt Man . . ."

Author Mankowitz might well be Britain's answer to the Schweppes Man, proving that the language of England is not a clipped and smooty modification of the inarticulate. Born in London's East End, the son of a Jewish shopkeeper, Mankowitz took himself on a scholarship to Cambridge, ran a shop, became an authority on Wedgwood china, worked as a film scenarist. He writes best about what he knows best: the cockney. His unforgettable cockney Quixote belongs not (as Novelist Elizabeth Bowen suggests on the book jacket) with James Joyce but with Joyce Cary's articulate and wonderful crew of loudmouthed Londoners.

His & Hers

THE LOVING COUPLE (269 pp.)—Virginia Rowans—Crowell (\$3.50).

The most remarkable thing about this book is that it can—indeed, must—be read from back to front as well as front to back. The book has two title pages, two opening chapters. In fact, to let the secret out, it is two stories. It tells the same incident—a marital quarrel—from the point of view of the husband as well as the wife. Like "his" and "hers"

* Publishing gimmicks seldom appear alone. Next month two collections of essays about married life (by Emily Hahn and Eric Hatch) will appear in the same back-to-back book form.



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In seasonal fashion items, speed is one of the most important merchandising concepts. A fast delivery at the style-selling peak makes all the difference between profit and loss.

One well-known retailer has found that reduced inventories released funds that were normally tied up, to the extent he was able to increase his advertising and promotion and so increase his sales proportionately. His net profit was $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than when he used surface transportation.

With Clipper* Cargo, suppliers can

chart their deliveries to the hour instead of by week. Regularly scheduled flights on a broad schedule offer a reliability that pays off for any business. Fixed costs are lower too by Clipper Cargo. Costly warehousing is eliminated, damage and pilferage practically disappear and all red tape is minimized. Insurance rates are cut by swifter transit times. Little or no packing is necessary—in fact, you can even take advantage of special Clipper Cargo flying dress racks designed to deliver your goods in perfect selling condition.


Are you making best use of Air Cargo Services?

Send for FREE booklet, "There's Profit in the Air... with Clipper Cargo." Call your PAA District Sales Manager or write to Pan American World Airways, P. O. Box 1790, New York 17, N. Y. *Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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*How we
work steel...*

NEW WAY to save good money that's "going up in smoke"

PERMAGLAS® SMOKESTACKS of glass-protected steel answer one of industry's chronic, money-draining problems.

SMOKESTACKS A PROBLEM? Certainly! And a costly one, too. Conventional, unlined steel stacks readily *give in* to the acid condensates in smoke — requiring frequent repair, periodic replacement as in the photograph above.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE with A. O. Smith *Permaglas* stacks! Acid-resistant glass coating prevents corrosion . . . permits use of lighter steel for easier handling, less costly foundations. (Note stack sections at left.)

WANT MORE FACTS about *Permaglas* smokestacks from the world's largest manufacturer of glass-protected steel products? Write for free literature on any A. O. Smith product shown in the panel to the right.

Through research  . . . a better way

A.O. Smith
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Welding machines,
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Permaglas smoke stacks



Glass-lined and
stainless tanks



Automotive
frames and parts



Glasscrete
processing equipment

towels in the bathroom, the notion is apt to be a little obvious and excessively cute. But if the reader can keep from getting dizzy turning the book over, he will still have fun, because behind Author "Virginia Rowans" hides the beard of Edward Everett Tanner III, who, under the pseudonym of Patrick Dennis, wrote the runaway bestseller, *Auntie Mame*.

The strains on John and Mary's marriage are, luckily, all external. John is a good writer gone wrong as an advertising manager. John's boss is the bottom-pitching proprietor of an outfit that manufactures "Pulse-Beat Eternal Non-Magnetic" watches. Trouble arrives with Besame Bessamer, the boss's stepdaughter, whose pulse beat particularly when she is



Tommy Weber

VIRGINIA ROWANS

Behind the beard, Auntie, Pat and Ed.

near John, is entirely too magnetic. Along the way of his thin plot, Author Tanner loses his most devastating attacks on flossy Manhattan restaurants and nightclubs catering to lovers of bad food, overpriced booze and rotten entertainment—the result being a sort of reverse Duncan Hines guide. Throughout, the fact that John loves Mary, and vice versa, is seldom news.

Washington Wept Here

BATTLE FOR MANHATTAN (128 pp.)—
Bruce Bliven Jr.—Holt (\$3.50).

Bruce Bliven Jr. is a veteran of the Normandy invasion who fell to wondering after his return to Manhattan if it had happened that way at home. He ended up writing the almost-forgotten story of how indeed it had. The two-day "battle for Manhattan" is not the most glorious chapter in U.S. history. But as Author (*The Wonderful Writing Machine*) Bliven has pieced it together, with the help of period prints and maps showing the fight-

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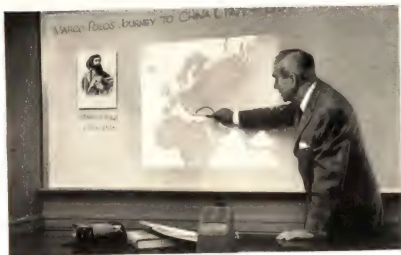
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NEW WHITE "BLACK" BOARD IS MOVIE SCREEN, TOO

Writing surface, magnetic display board and movie screen all in one—that's Weldwood Projection White Chalkboard. What an endless number of varied presentations are possible now! (Above, Marco Polo's travels are being chalked on a projected map—easy to see, understand, clean up later.)

Weldwood Chalkboard's surface is porcelain-on-steel, so magnets cling to it. Weldwood Chalkboard is available in the following standard shades: gray, green, blue or 221-L (Projection White); never needs resurfacing; guaranteed for life. Find out how your schools and office can use Chalkboard profitably. Write:

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Once upon a time Mrs. Melvin Pennell, Alton, Ill., felt that way. Now she's flying regularly. She learned in the new Cessna 172 with Land-O-Matic gear... the airplane that makes flying like driving! "I never dreamed learning to fly could be so easy," says Mrs. Pennell. It can be easy for you, too. Have your Cessna dealer demonstrate the amazing Cessna 172 today. He's listed in Yellow Pages of phone book. Or write Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. WT-18, Wichita, Kan.



I HAD TO EARN MORE MONEY

So I sent \$6 to The Wall Street Journal

High prices and taxes were getting me down I had to have more money or reduce my standard of living. Like Alice in Wonderland, I had to run faster to stay in the same place.

So I started reading The Wall Street Journal. I heeded its warnings. I cashed in on the ideas it gave me for earning extra income and cutting expenses. I got the money I needed. Now I'm slowly forging ahead. Believe me, reading The Journal every day is a wonderful get-ahead plan.

This story is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to men making \$7,000 to \$20,000 a year. To assure speedy delivery to you anywhere in the U.S., The Journal is printed daily in five cities—New York, Washington, Chicago, Dallas and San Francisco.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It costs \$20 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription (for 3 months) for \$6. Just send this ad with check for \$6. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y. TM9-17

ing in terms of today's streets and landmarks, his compact and lively book may be just the handy companion for cliff-dwelling strollers ready to look for history under the sidewalks of New York.

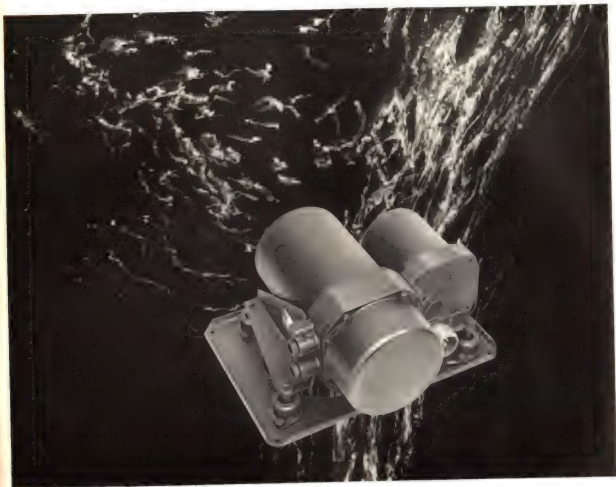
Defend America? One hot morning just 180 years ago, Britain's General Sir William Howe, having taken Brooklyn with "the largest expeditionary force Great Britain had ever assembled" (32,000 men, 200 ships), sent his redcoats across the East River to a landing at Kip's Bay (34th Street). Under the massed fire of 86 naval cannon, the Connecticut farmboy defenders ran for their lives. General George Washington, taken by surprise, galloped down from his headquarters at the northern end of the island (now Coogan's Bluff, overlooking the Polo Grounds). "Take the wall," he shouted. "Take the cornfield." When the militiamen rushed unheeding past him, according to some accounts, he wept, hurled his hat to the ground and roared. "Are these the men with which I am to defend America?" Then for a long time he sat on his horse in a daze, so that the British troops—advancing north from Murray Hill—would have been on him had not an aide taken his horse's bridle and led the general away.

So disgraceful was the rout that General Howe could easily have pushed west to the Hudson, cut off the half of Washington's forces still posted at the lower end of the island, and, says Bliven, "the chances were that he would have won the war then and there." But pleasure-loving General Howe stopped for "cakes and Madeira" at Mrs. Murray's on Murray Hill. Washington's men got safely away to Harlem Heights with the loss of only about 50 casualties and 300 prisoners, and the next morning fresh Ranger scouts, led by Lieut. Colonel Thomas Knowlton of Bunker Hill fame, started up the action again around the Jones farmhouse (near Riverside Drive and 106th Street).

Not Worth Defending? Feeling a desperate need for some sort of morale-saving fight, Washington quickly sent two small forces of Rhode Islanders, Virginians and Connecticut Rangers south across the Hollow Way (approximately 125th Street), and soon a brisk tussle started for possession of a buckwheat field atop the heights on which Columbia University and Riverside Church now stand. Though Knowlton (after saying, "I do not value my life if we do but get the day") fell mortally wounded, the Continentals fought their way out of the rocks and for the first time "had the pleasure of seeing the backs of British uniforms." "Hurrah," shouted the Yanks as the British broke off action and left the field.

"This little advantage has inspired our troops prodigiously," wrote Washington. But in spite of this setback the powerful British force soon drove Washington out of the city that General Nathaniel Greene had called too Tory to be worth defending. Only after seven years of bitter defeats and hard fighting elsewhere was New York to regain in the peace of 1783 the freedom so quickly lost in the only battle test of its history.

OUT OF THE LABORATORY



This sonic speedometer...

enables pilots to overcome the strange reversal effects on flight control surfaces of supersonic aircraft when passing through the sound barrier. Vital component in an air data system, it is technically termed a mach-altitude transducer. It supplies precise information on how fast the aircraft is traveling in relation to the speed of sound and also compensates for changing air densities which affect flight control surfaces at sonic speed. This device is the most accurate of its kind by far — another contribution to industrial progress by Garrett's AiResearch Manufacturing Divisions.

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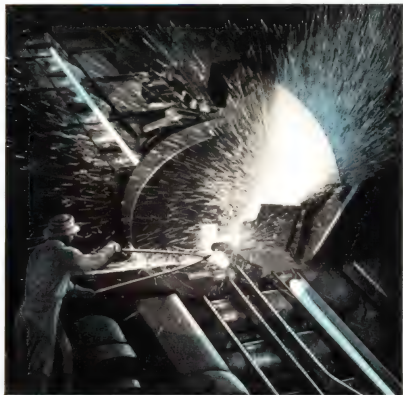


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How **HKP** serves industry



Sparks fly as a circular saw shears the end of a hot bar at Connors Steel Division plant, Birmingham, Alabama.

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Today's America uses over 117 million net tons of steel a year. A vital industrial segment of this huge production is made up of fine tool steels; steel reinforcing bars and merchant bars; structural angles and bulb tees; hot rolled strip; and special shapes in alloy, carbon, tool and stainless steel. These are products of two of the 13 divisions of H. K. Porter Company, Inc.: Connors Steel in Birmingham and Vulcan Crucible Steel in Aliquippa, Pa.

Believing in "growth through service," Porter constantly increases its divisions' ability to serve. At Connors alone over \$2½ million for new equipment and plant modernization has been spent to expand and increase its steel service to industry.

As Porter divisions grow so does their service to industry.

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MISCELLANY

Reactionary. In Saigon, after he broke through the roof and kidnaped two girls from the government school for re-education of ex-prostitutes, turned them loose, Nguyen Van Thuan explained to police: "I don't want my girl friends re-educated. I like them as they are."

The Champ. In Cucamonga, Calif., after neighbors complained that the peace was being disturbed, a constable found 75-year-old Mrs. Sarah E. Shaffstall practicing to defend her Los Angeles County Fair hog-calling championship.

Fire Control. In Petersburg, Va., daily target practice was ordered by Police Chief W. E. Traylor after two detectives, hidden in an often-robbed restaurant, watched two gunmen escape after a battle in which 21 shots were fired, no one hit.

Prodigal. In San Quentin, Calif., worn out and hungry, jailbreaker Leland Rogers showed up at the state prison's main gate two weeks after his escape, begged to be let back in, was obliged.

Continental Defense. In Mexico City, chronic church-robbers Ernesto Ruiz, Enrique Diaz and Salvador Monroy assured police that they always knelt before looting a chapel, added that they feared no heavenly wrath because: "God is too occupied with European affairs to pay any attention to us."

Warhead. In Edinburgh, Scotland, arrested for illegal possession of explosives, John Hay Barbour clinched the case against himself when officers watched him doff his hat as he entered the police station, saw a detonator and four sticks of dynamite fall out of it.

Samaritans. In Spokane, after he tore ligaments in his ankle and fainted, George M. Blakely revived when a bystander shoved his head between his legs, fainted again when a second bystander wrapped his head in a cold towel, revived and fainted twice more as the alternate treatments were repeated, revived a fourth time and was hospitalized.

Professional Touch. In Storrs, Conn., after hunting a golf ball in a poison-ivy patch and getting a severe case of poisoning on both arms, Dr. Harriet Creighton swallowed her pride, presided as scheduled over the golden jubilee meeting of the Botanical Society of America.

Red Shoes & the Sunset. In Elgin, Ill., rummaging for a pair of red shoes at a dollar-day counter, Sherida Weber spotted a single shoe, saw its mate in the hand of another customer, refused to part with hers, camped near her opponent for five hours until, just before closing time, she agreed to a coin toss, lost, impulsively bought ten pairs of assorted styles.

Take a stroll down Friden Street watch the figures fly!

Or possibly you'd better *drive* down Friden Street. Or fly over it. For this is the longest, broadest, busiest business street in the nation. Home of the money-makers!

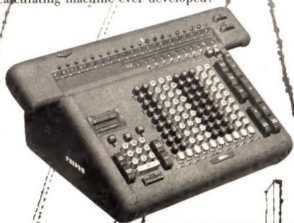
Every U.S. community has one. It's lined with auto factories, department stores, architects, grocers and insurance agents—all the firms that mechanize their figure-work with the Friden Calculator.

This is not an ordinary calculator... It is **The Thinking Machine of American Business.** The fully automatic Friden performs more steps in figure-work without operator decisions—simply by figure-thinking for you—than any other calculating machine ever developed!

First there was the pencil. Then the adding machine. Then the fully automatic Friden Calculator—offered in a range of sizes and prices to meet the figuring needs of every business.

With today's sky-high overhead costs you ought to have a Friden to do your figure-work. Payrolls, invoices, inventory. To keep tab on sales, costs, discounts, turnover. To figure percentages.

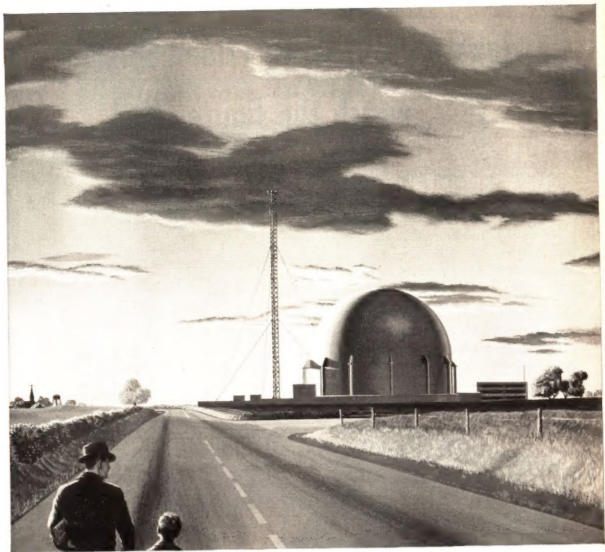
The Friden's automatic figuring costs far less than human time. And anyone can operate it with the simplest instructions. See the Friden in action on your figure-work—then talk business to your nearby Friden Man!



Friden

THE AUTOMATIC CALCULATOR
THE NATURAL WAY ADDING MACHINE
THE COMPUTYPER
THE ADD-PUNCH MACHINE





How the atom is putting new shapes on the horizon

In a few years, shapes like these on the horizon may well be trademarks of the atomic age—trademarks of the atom at peaceful work, producing electricity for the nation's homes, farms, factories and businesses.

Already, America's independent electric companies are participating in building three big commercial atomic-electric power plants. Four more such plants are under way. All

told, more than 300 million dollars from the electric companies will be involved, and hundreds of electric company engineers and scientists are pressing research into all aspects of this vast new field.

There is much still to be learned about making the atom work efficiently and economically for you. And the experience, ingenuity and inventiveness of the independent

electric companies are at work with other industries and with the Atomic Energy Commission to find answers.

America's electric light and power companies have brought electricity to almost every corner of the U. S. in the span of a single lifetime. You can be sure they'll help develop the atom's promise so this nation will continue to have the best and the most electric service in the world.

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

*Names on request from this magazine



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